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The BYSTANDER

Art Literature & the Drama.

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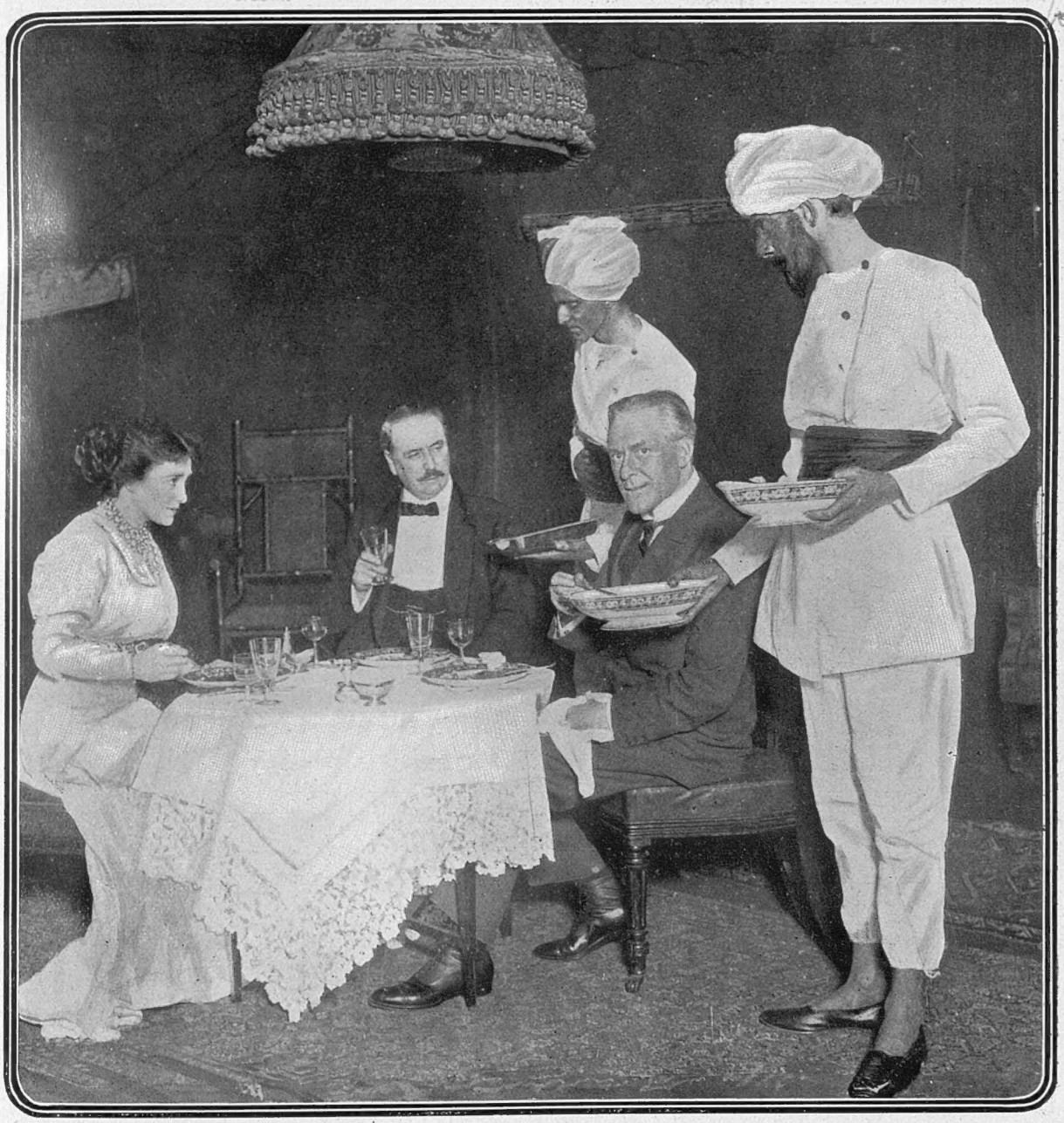

MR. ALEXANDER COMES OF AGE (AS AN ACTOR-MANAGER)

Mr. George Alexander celebrated his coming-of-age as an actor-manager by producing a new play by Mr. A. E. W. Mason, "The Witness for the Defence," at the St. James's Theatre last Wednesday. In the above picture he is seen with Miss Ethel Irving and Mr. Lyston Lyle. The play is reviewed on pp. 267-8

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "SHIP AHOY," LYDIA KYASHT, Fred Farren. FOX-HUNTING ON THE BIOSCOPE. "WIDOW'S WEEDS," and Specially Selected Varieties. EVERY EVENING, at 8. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

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IN THIS WINTER WEATHER.

Thousands of families among the unemployed are without food or fire, and hundreds of men and women are wandering the streets at night homeless and starving.

Pray Help THE CHURCH ARMY to relieve their necessities by means of work.

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BILLY. By Paul Methven. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)
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THE PANTOMIME GIRL. By A. Applin. (Everett: 2*s.* net.)
HEART OF GOLD. By L. G. Moberly. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)
THE THIRD WIFE. By H. Flowerdew. (Paul.)
THE LASS WITH THE DELICATE AIR. By A. R. Goring Thomas. (Lane: 6*s.*)
THE BOURGEOIS QUEEN OF PARIS. By Janet M. Clark. (Greening: 6*s.*)
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MY NEPHEW "MAX." By T. Russell. (Everett: 2*s.* net.)
AMERICA THROUGH ENGLISH EYES. By "Rita." (Paul.)
GREED. By Marie C. Leighton. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)
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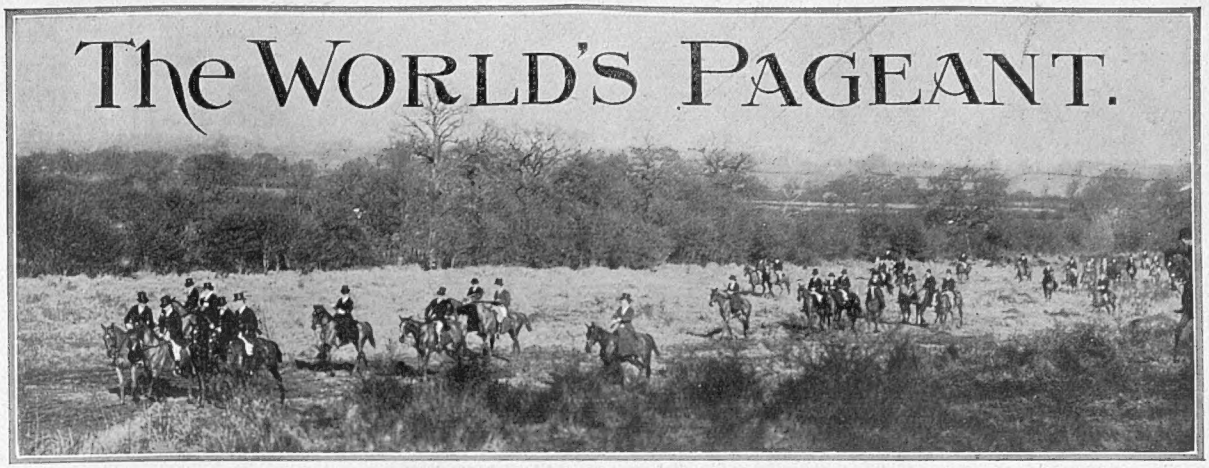
The WORLD'S PAGEANT.



Hark Forward, Away! Well Up with the Hounds

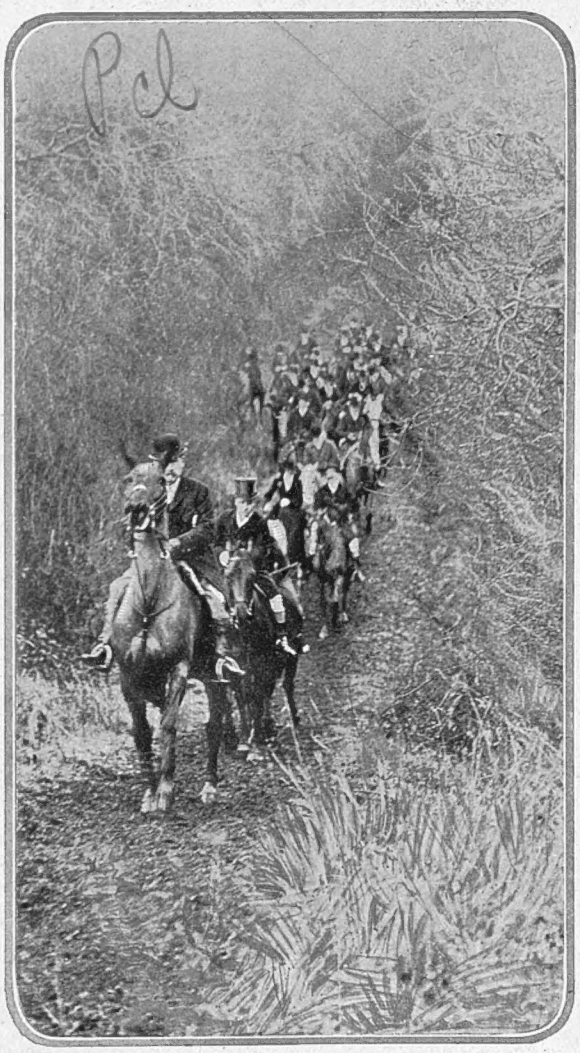
The Warwickshire Hounds' meet at Long Itchington on a crisp, frosty morning last week

The Duke of Connaught

ONE of the most interesting of the several interesting announcements of the last few days is that of the appointment of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught to be Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief in Canada in succession to Earl Grey. The Duke, though sixty-one years of age, preserves to a marked extent the youthfulness of appearance and demeanour that distinguished the late King, whose wish it was that this appointment should be made. He has also the gift of achieving popularity in all environments, and I join with many thousands of others in wishing His Royal Highness an immense success in the Dominion.

In Canada

Canada itself has, of course, already loudly signified its unqualified appreciation of the fact that one of the first of English Royalties should become its social chief. Ottawa is, itself, a dreary capital, which nothing ever seems able to brighten, and from which all the world flies the moment the Government ceases sitting. But at Toronto there is unceasing gaiety, and to this side of a Governor-General's duties the Duchess of Connaught and her daughter will contribute no small share, while the Duke's disposition is always, as he has proved times without number, tactful and conciliating.



Out with the Warwickshire: The Field Coming up an Incline at Deepdale

A picturesque snapshot, in last week's wintry weather, of the Hunt of which Lord Willoughby de Broke is the popular Master

Washington v. New York

Apropos of social rivalries, a correspondent at Washington writes that the Taft *régime* at the White House has drastically altered the tone of entertainment in that city. Formal parties at the White House are now concluded by impromptu dances and card-parties, and, in the formation of several semi-Bohemian sporting clubs, an effort is being made to vie with New York.

Unionist Organisation

It is very much a sign of the times, and a rather desperate sign, too, the way in which that naughty boy, the Unionist Organisation, is being taken to task by the Unionist papers. The *Times*, at the conclusion of columns of admonition and advice, compares, not without ignominy, the housing arrangements of the Liberal Association quarters with those of their own party.

A Visit to the C.O.

The writer describes a visit to the Unionist Central Office—how, after mounting a squalid staircase, one is shown into a small and uncomfortable waiting-room, which "even a railway company would despise." Whilst waiting one may contemplate a series of coloured maps on the walls, showing how much ground the Unionists have gained in the country, but there is no other form of entertainment.

Liberal Headquarters

A positively "clubby" comfort is, on the other hand, the most salient feature of the Liberal headquarters in a smart little house in Abingdon Street. "The visitor is shown into a comfortable room, which might be in his own club. There is a rackful of papers, and he can either read *Punch* or the *Times*, or be entertained by a member of the Association, who drops in for the purpose." I said only a week or two ago that motors were apparently the winning factors in an election. Comfortable offices, with a sort of "Follies" entertainment provided gratis, are apparently the paving-stones that lead to ultimate victory.

The Real Wrong

And yet, when one comes to look back on it, the Conservative party managed for practically twenty years to keep itself comfortably in office without such adventitious aids. Is it not time we dropped this organisation nonsense? What has been wrong with the Conservative party has been the Tariff Reform split. Do not the hotheads realise that the Birmingham policy, while it has appealed to the interested people and a stray professor or two, has never carried behind it the enthusiasm of the real Tories, the voters who kept Lord Salisbury in power? The cry is for a leader in place of Mr. Balfour. There is at present no such person. If the party wants to train able men to qualify for leadership, Tariff Reform must either go or so adjust itself as to allow such men as Mr. Harold Cox, the Messrs. Bowles, *père et fils*, and Lord Robert Cecil their place in the sun. They must open their doors to such malcontents as Mr. Belloc; and isn't even Mr. Bottomley to be met in some half-way house between Business and Statecraft?

TWO GREAT FAMILIES UNITED

The Hon. Hugo and Lady Violet Charteris, who were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last Wednesday. Mr. Charteris is the eldest son of Lord Elcho and grandson of the Earl of Wemyss. Lady Violet Charteris is the second daughter of the Duke of Rutland

The Future of the "Thunderer"

The launch of the *Thunderer* last week at Canning Town, attended by a crowd of the upper and a multitude of the middle and lower classes, did much to bring home to those who either never learnt geography or have forgotten it that London is a seaport, like Liverpool, Bristol, and Hull. As we crawled dockwards in the slowest train I have ever ridden in since I was last in Italy, I wept like anything to see such quantities of ships. And, just as I was wondering what really would happen to them all in war (under the Anti-British Declaration of London) something terrific reassured me. Rising above the wilderness of water was the hull of H.M.S. *Thunderer*, all of which has lately been erected in—or, rather, on—the Port of London. To see her 9,600 tons plunge for 500ft. into the water below, and then, as gracefully as any swan, swim proudly Thameswards, to the hooting of many sirens, the cheering of thousands of throats, and the blare of "Rule, Britannia," was indeed memorable. Of course, it will be a longish time before the *Thunderer* goes down to the sea—London has much machinery and gun-mounting yet to do. But there should be another picnic for us all on the day when she does put out from Dagenham to—where? Wilhelmshaven, Flushing, Hamburg? Many people wondered as they watched.

Advice to Brides

Considerable attempts were made at the Charteris-Manners wedding to avoid the photographers. In principle, I deeply sympathise with the parties. But it is a wise man who knows when he is beaten, and the painful fact remains that if a snapshotter wants to, he can and will. The net result of attempting to baulk him is that, instead of good snapshots, he gets bad ones, and faith he'll print 'em. Desirous as I am to show bridal couples at their best in THE BYSTANDER, may I entreat intending brides and bridegrooms of the future to submit to the photographic ordeal with their best grace? It is soon over, and it is so much better to look nice in print than—well, the other thing.

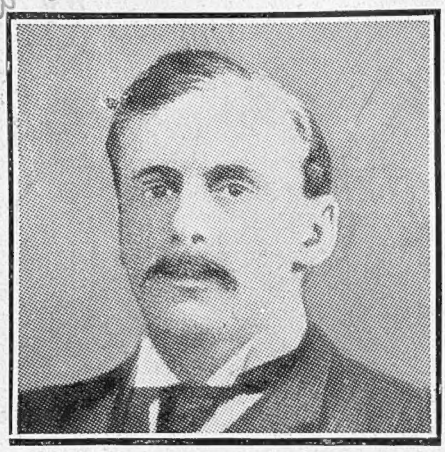
"Our Heritage the Sea"

STRIKING PHOTOGRAPHIC "IMPRESSION" OF THE LAUNCHING OF THE "THUNDERER"

The first London-built super-Dreadnought, H.M.S. "Thunderer," was launched on the Thames last Wednesday. It is one of the two largest battleships in the world. The christening ceremony was performed by Mrs. Randall Davidson, the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury. In the bows will be noticed a silken balloon. When the great ship first moved, the balloon opened out in the form of a parachute and released streamers and some doves that, in imitation of a pretty Japanese custom, had been imprisoned within it

The Late Mr. George Grey

There is something rather arresting about the personality of the late Mr. George Grey (brother of the Foreign Secretary, whose tragic death is reported from Nairobi), because of the fact that nothing whatever seems to be known about it. While the head of the family is one of the central men of the world's affairs, his next-of-kin has lived as far from the centres as he could possibly place himself. Sir Edward chases Chancellors (and is chased by them); his brother chased lions and elephants. It is hardly fair to the deceased gentleman, however, to suggest, as the formal obituaries do, that his life was wasted purely upon sport. He combined a deal of business with his African pleasures, having been associated directly with the Tanganaika Concessions, which, incidentally, held 40 per cent. of the shares in the Katanga Mines (reported to be among the richest copper mines in the whole world). The rest of the shares were held by the late King Leopold's *Comité Special*. The only public allusions to the close connection of the Foreign Secretary's brother with these African enterprises appeared in Belgian newspapers, though the Secretary himself did, on one occasion, refer in the House to his brother's experience with the Congo natives, with whom he had never had any trouble. How, by the way, are Congo affairs progressing now that the much-hated Leopold is no more? Perhaps Mr. Morel, who has been very quiet lately, will communicate to the Press the state of affairs under the reform *régime*.



The Late Mr. George Grey, the Foreign Secretary's Brother

Who died last week as the result of a mauling he received from a lion in Nairobi, East Africa. He combined with a love of sport and adventure a close interest in African commercial enterprises

The Chancellor's Health

Everybody is exceedingly concerned at the rather vague reports as to Mr. Lloyd George's health. The Chancellor has, for years, suffered from a throat affection, which much oratory has done little to improve. Probably the sympathy which is felt for the ailing man will be keenest among those who had the most antipathy to the railing politician. Mr. George has, at all events left his print on the sands of time. His Budget is here to stay. It is producing large revenues, and, as to its victims—well, they seem to go about much as usual, bearing no outward signs of extreme poverty.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason

The famous novelist and author of *The Witness for the Defence*, produced last Wednesday at the St. James's Theatre by Mr. George Alexander. He was formerly Liberal M.P. for Coventry. One of his best-known books is "The Four Feathers"

'Verting to Variety

The most interesting thing that Mr. Bourchier said at Oxford was that to-day had seen the renaissance of the music-hall. There can be no question of the improvement in the form of entertainment supplied in places which once upon a time were hotbeds of vulgarity. This is due very largely to the efforts of managers who decided to lead and not to be led by the public. Actors and actresses from the regular stage, whose art was necessarily more restrained and subtle than that of even the cleverest variety comedians, were encouraged by big salaries to try their hand at entertaining music-hall patrons, and the new public took them to its heart with an enthusiasm which must gratify everyone concerned with the improvement of popular taste. This week at the London halls the list of celebrities from the regular stage is particularly lengthy. Here are some of the names: Mr. Granville Barker, Miss Gertrude Robins, Mr. Edmund Payne, Mr. George Grossmith, jun., Miss Lottie Venne, Mr. Herbert Sleath, Mr. Walter Passmore, Miss Agnes Fraser, Miss Kate Cutler, Mr. G. P. Huntley, and Mr. Lewis Waller, not to mention the Beecham Opera Company. The engagement of such artists in "variety" must have its effect on the work of the regular music-hall performer.

Flogging Dead Horses

Once again the grumble about the theatre cough. Even a judge has so far forgotten the distinction between his Court and a theatre as to have a member of the public ejected for coughing at a critical moment. Well, well, we must have something to talk about. We cannot expect the police to arrest a fresh Peter the Painter every day, and there has not been much in the way of politics to excite us since that comic-opera General Election. In the latter connection I must really award the Palm of Perseverance to those Radical editors who continue to publish political cartoons, blandly ignoring the fact that for the past month no one has cared a straw about politics or the doings of politicians, and, if they did, would much rather have not been reminded of it.

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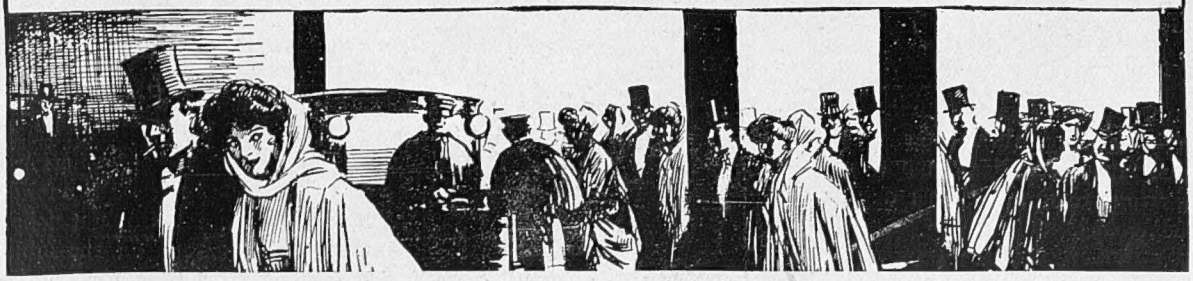
London Nights Entertainments



BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE" AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

THIS extremely interesting play owes much of its undoubted success to the remarkable acting of Miss Ethel Irving. As is usual at the St. James's, the acting all round is on a very high level, but even among so much that is excellent Miss Irving's performance stands out as an effort of rare merit. We get a taste of the quality of the play from the moment of the rising of the curtain. The scene of the first act is laid in a tent in Rajputana, India. Here, Mr. Ballantyne and his wife are awaiting a dinner guest who is making a flying tour through the province. Mr. Ballantyne, a Government official, is, unfortunately, addicted to drink, and when he has had a rather larger dose than usual, his chief recreation is trying to strangle his wife, which, as everyone knows, is not at all the way to behave towards a lady. I have never had *delirium tremens* myself; but I can appreciate the force of Mr. Ballantyne's argument. There he is, as he says in effect, in that huge tent, lighted by a single lamp so that you can't see who is hiding in the corners. The Indian servants, with their cat-like tread, are bad enough; but when your own wife takes to moving noiselessly about the tent, and appearing unexpectedly out of the gloom, it is time she was told about it, especially as Mr. Ballantyne knows for a fact that he is being watched. Once, when he is on the floor looking through his cash-box, he sees a long brown arm coming under the bottom of the tent. It is true that the arm is not really there; but that is just what makes him so angry, when he can see it so plainly. Still, his case is not so desperate as that of a man I once heard of who could see nothing but troops of gutta-percha Billikins all over the place. This part is very powerfully played by Mr. Lyston Lyle. The guest, Henry Thresk (Mr. Alexander), a prosperous barrister, was formerly acquainted very intimately with Mrs. Ballantyne—and, as a matter of fact, he has come on this visit only to see what kind of happiness she has got in her married life. He is very properly shocked at the brutality of her husband towards her, and once, when he comes into the tent suddenly just before starting for the railway station, he sees her loading a rifle. After he has gone, Mr. Ballantyne comes into the tent and gives us to understand that he is about to treat her very harshly because she was indiscreet enough to show before company that she felt his cruelty towards her. The curtain falls on that—a clever ending to one of the best-acted scenes I have ever witnessed.

SKETCHED AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

Then two years roll away along the shores of time, and all that sort of thing; and the next we hear of Mrs. Ballantyne is that she is ruralising in Sussex. The climate of India did not suit her. Her husband died there from the effects of a gunshot wound, and she was charged with having fired the shot. Mr. Thresk turned up as a witness at the trial, and managed to convince the jury that the shooting was probably done by a brown arm that Ballantyne saw coming under the tent—an arm that wasn't there. This was, of course, perjury, and several other sinful things, but he did it for the lady's sake because he loved her long ago. (I think I shall have that last line set to music.) When Thresk meets the unhappy lady in England and learns that she is about to be married again, and that her future husband does not know the facts, he takes a high-minded attitude and declares that the truth must be told at all costs. So like a lawyer! What? Then follows the usual scene in which the woman appeals to him to give her a chance to grasp the happiness that is so near, after all that she has suffered. If the scene itself, however, is a little stereotyped, it must not be thought for a moment

that Miss Irving's treatment of it is equally so. On the contrary, she handles it with a freshness and vigour that are quite startling in their intensity. The note of anguish that is sounded is terribly real and convincing; real, too, are the bitter tears which the poor lady mops up from time to time with her dainty handkerchief.

The spectacle of a lady in tears, even when she is only doing it for a living, always moves me, and Miss Irving's display of grief was so real and so genuine that I had a longing to run up and pat her on the shoulder and bid her not to worry herself as it was only the artful author's make-believe. A great Shakespearean actor, with the characteristic extravagance of *the* profession, used to say: "I *play* Macbeth, I *play* Marc Antony, but, begad, sir, I AM Lear!" Similarly, it seems to me, Miss Irving IS Mrs. Ballantyne; and I can think of no higher praise than that for her performance.

The one thing that bothers me about the piece is its ethical point of view. I have always understood that, in plays, people who have been guilty of crime must either commit suicide in the last act or else be led off between a couple of detectives in order that the audience may go away satisfied that virtue still stands at its nominal market value. Here, however, we have a responsible English gentleman who has, to our knowledge, committed perjury of the gravest kind, and we have an emotional lady who has been guilty of something very like murder. And because the young man who is in love with the lady decides to forgive her, both offences are wiped off the slate. I mean, if your wife should commit murder (I know, of course, that she would do no such thing), the mere fact that you have decided to overlook the offence in view of her exemplary past, would hardly, as far as I am aware, satisfy constitutional law or standard morals.

And because a perjurer has magnanimously decided to forgive himself, I do not think it follows that the last word on the subject has been spoken from the point of view of just retribution. Still, these are merely two of the trifling inequalities which occasionally occur in the play, and there is no need to take them seriously. The story as it develops is quite fascinating, and, as I think I have already hinted, it is superbly acted by Mr. George Alexander and his very able company. JINGLE.

SKETCHES BY NORMAN MORROW
AT THE
ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

TIVOLI MUSIC HALL

The humours of the pseudo-sportsman intent upon "Buying a Gun" are inimitably emphasised by Mr. G. P. Huntley and Mr. Harry Grattan, whose sketch of that name, as played at the Tivoli, has become the talk of the town. In Mr. George Formby, lovers of first-rate characterisation in comedy are afforded a rich feast of quaint humour, and, altogether, Mr. Joseph Wilson is to be congratulated upon the presentation of a remarkably interesting programme.

A Beautiful Indian Débutante

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

THE PRINCESS PRETIVA

Daughter of H.H. The Maharajah of Cooch-Behar, who is staying in England with her parents. She is to be presented at Court during the coming season

A LINE TO MR. GINNELL

By "DOWNWRITER"

My Dear Sir,—

Hitherto, I knew you merely as a cattle-driver, and as I keep no kine, I took less than no interest in you. Now you have taken your hazel-switch into Parliament, Mr. Ginnell, I doff my hat to you. On Tuesday last you introduced "a little reality" into the proceedings of the Election of Speaker, and you made some very strong remarks indeed.

Not being myself at present in the House, I have no grievance against Mr. Lowther, and am not in a position to say whether or not your personal attack on him was justified. But if what you say about the method of selecting speakers is true, *i.e.*, that it is done by the Party managers, and that only those gentlemen on the official lists have the good fortune to catch the Speaker's eye, you have called attention to a gross and grave public scandal.

I gather from the reports that when, after making your remarks on the general principle of the thing, you informed the House that, for five years, you yourself had been denied the right to speak, there was loud, prolonged, and derisive laughter. How immensely humorous! You, the free and independent representative of the electors of North Westmeath, have actually dared to desire to express your opinions on various topics of the times.

Because, however, you have been a little wobbly as to your leader, and have oscillated 'twixt Mr. Redmond and Mr. O'Brien, you have, apparently, failed to get into the good books of any Whip in particular, and as a result, while you yourself may have caught the Speaker's eye, your name hasn't. Is that really the case, Mr. Ginnell? For aught the servile "gallery men" have said to the contrary, apparently it is. And if it is, I herewith link my dudgeon to yours.

Mr. Laurence Ginnell, M.P.

The Irish Member who objected to Mr. Lowther's re-election. He charged the Speaker with being unfair to private Members in not calling on them to speak if their names were not on the lists given him by the Party Whips

Photographs *Russell*

Mr. Speaker Lowther

Re-elected Speaker of the House of Commons for the fourth Parliament in succession. The only objector was Mr. Ginnell

This is only the latest exposure of the system which is rapidly making politics utterly detestable in the eyes of the average man of intelligence. A man of independent views cannot get a seat in Parliament we know, from the exclusion of Mr. Cox, Mr. Belloc, Mr. Bowles, and Lord Robert Cecil. Is it also the fact that when, thanks to his prowess with the hazel-switch, he does manage to slip in, even then he cannot get a hearing?

I am quite aware that, if what you said is really true—and you surely ought to know how many times you have jumped up—a grave reflection has been made, not on Mr. Lowther himself, who is surely beyond personal censure but on the traditions of the Speakership. I think you have done good. It was so distinctly Irish of you to choose the psychological moment for your outburst, a moment when, there being no Speaker in the Chair, there was nobody to call you to order save your fellow Members.

Your speech, laugh at it as they may pretend to do, will be remembered for many a long day. What you have asked for will one day be recognised as one of the rights of man—that is, a Speaker free from the Party Whips. Altogether, I am beginning to wonder whether the whole position of Party Whip is not growing so disreputable that one day no self-respecting man will accept it. What then? Why, Parliament may actually be an assembly of Free Speech, and as such may once again be looked upon as playing a useful part in the work of the country.—Yours,

Downwriter.

Still Running!

THE ST. STEPHEN'S FARCE RESUMED

Lord Lansdowne (right) and Lord Carrington

Colonel Seely (left), Under-Secretary for the Colonies

The Rt. Hon. J. A. Pease, Liberal Whip, Arrives at the House

The Rt. Hon. John Burns (left) Leaving the House

The Rt. Hon. Austen Chamberlain Arrives at the House

The political theatre re-opened its doors last Tuesday, and the actors assembled in plenty of time to take their cues and seats. Mr. Lowther was elected Speaker, greatly to the disappointment of Mr. Ginnell, M.P. (see opposite)

"Marie Claire": A Literary Impertinence

I KNOW that the recent defacement of the walls of the Grafton Gallery has led one or two people, with their tongues in their cheeks, to defend a theory of Painting without Point. There are others who have a parallel enthusiasm in music, viz., Sound without Sense. Literature was bound in turn to be threatened, and *Marie Claire*, the translation of which by J. N. Raphael is now published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, is the weapon chosen.

Marie Claire is a book without an idea. Its author (Marguerite Andoux), a working sempstress in Paris, suspected herself to be interesting, and having, between her stitches, gained a smattering of literary knowledge and some acquaintance with a circle of young literary men, decided to put her own pen to paper. With what object? To compose something of interest, to tell a connected tale, to contribute to the thought or fancy of her fellow-sempstresses? Not at all. Mlle. Andoux seems to have been conscious of no obligation whatever to interest or enlighten anybody. She wanted to write, and had the audacity to write about—herself. She did what every other aspiring writer instinctively avoids—wrote about what she herself knew of her own experiences, her own thoughts, of the people she had actually encountered. She set them all down—astounding as it seems—exactly as they occurred to her. She did not take herself as a type, and, using the chief characteristics of others as ingredients, mix them together and produce other types. She did not then conceive a plot in which she herself, and they, could be allotted certain parts, and made to play them at proper times and in set dramatic fashion. She merely put down the bare, unblemished, and utterly uninteresting truth.

Mlle. Marguerite Andoux

The very fortunate young Parisian sempstress, author of "Marie Claire," whom it has suited the French critics, and consequently our own, to proclaim to be a Phenomenon

This young woman, having once lived, amid picturesque surroundings, a life wholly destitute of any interest to anybody save to herself, and having written it all down, is, if you please, a Phenomenon! The critics are columnising about her. Arnold Bennett pens her preface. J. L. Garvin leaves the Government alone for one whole issue of the *Observer*, and writes a review of her so reverent that he actually troubles to criticise Mr. John N. Raphael for a literal omission or two in the translation of the "masterpiece." Somebody somewhere has called the book "Post-Impressionism," and somebody else has troubled to write an article proving that it isn't. Anyhow, people are worrying themselves about it.

Now, this is very extraordinary. To my mind, *Marie Claire* is no contribution of any kind whatsoever to any form of literature. This young woman exists, no doubt. So do thousands of others. The only phenomenal circumstances are (1) that she can have existed so uninterestingly, and (2) that she has had the audacity to write about herself. On those two facts I willingly spare a spasm or two of my limited powers of astonishment. I fear I can say little except that never has the discharge of a literary duty bored me so furiously as the reading of this faithful chronicle of infinite nothingness. Had *Marie Claire* not been thrust upon me; had it come to me in the ordinary course of post, I should possibly have expressed astonishment at its publication with much greater brevity — and probably with less acidity. For it would have had at least the merit of apparent spontaneity. The author is, however, anything but a child of impulse, either in temperament or method. She took six years to write the book, which bespeaks enviable doggedness and deliberation. "She always loved reading," Mr. Bennett tells us in his preface, and Mr. Raphael tells us that her favourite authors are Chateaubriand and Macterlinck! There is also the curious fact that this "sempstress" (*vide* Mr. Bennett) "became acquainted with a circle of young literary men, who used to meet at the flat of the author of 'Bubu de Montparnasse.'" This literary *ingénue*—*que fait elle dans cette galère?*

The gentlemen who have so subtly engineered her notoriety must now take their tongues out of their cheeks and do something serious with Mlle. Andoux. She possesses the literary motive power—the desire to write—and is free from any conscience that what she writes should have value in itself. Very well, then. Let *messieurs* encourage Mlle. Andoux to write more. Then, taking what she has written as "background"—for she has at least the primitive faculty of setting down sequences of fact in accurate words—let them elect one of their number to paint on to this background a definite and intelligible idea. Thus, Mlle. Andoux will be converted into actual practical value. As a literary scene-painter, she should earn many good honest francs. The mistake has been the confusion of the scene-painter with the dramatist. PHILISTINE

Brocklesby's Bride and Bridegroom

LAST WEEK'S WORSLEY-VIVIAN NUPTIALS

Photo Turner & Drinkwater

Photograph Rita Martin

LADY WORSLEY

Née the Hon. Alexandra Vivian, sister of the present and daughter of the late Lord Vivian

Photograph Turner & Drinkwater

LORD WORSLEY

Eldest son of the Earl of Yarborough. He is a Lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards

Miss Vivian was married to Lord Worsley at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last Tuesday before a very fashionable congregation, which included Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck. Men of the bridegroom's troop in the R.H.G. formed a guard of honour. The honeymoon is being spent in Rome. Above the portraits is given a view of Brocklesby Park, the Yarborough home and estate in Lincolnshire. Brocklesby is famed for its art treasures

"SEX AND THE SHORT STORY"

Opinions of Mr. Joseph Hocking & Mr. Hubert Wales

MR. JOSEPH HOCKING

I THINK the love interest, in stories as in life, the strongest and most potent in the world. As a consequence, I believe that stories bereft of this interest would be much weakened. But surely we should carefully differentiate between "love" and "sex" interest. It is there, as it seems to me, that your correspondent puts his finger on the blot which injures the work of many of our story writers. Love is, in essence, a spiritual force, while what is understood by "sex" is largely an animal passion. To dwell on love between man and woman, while it cannot be entirely disassociated from what is called the sex question, is uplifting and ennobling, while to dwell on illicit love is to create morbidity—unhealthiness of mind.

Sir Walter Scott, for example, introduces the love of man for woman into his stories; but the love is pure, and here is scarcely a suggestion of sensuality. As a consequence, they are healthy, and may be read by people of all ages, not only with pleasure, but with profit. The writer who deals with sex questions appeals, in the main, to those qualities in life which have a tendency to degrade rather than to ennoble. The really "whole" or "healthy" mind is repelled by the story of illicit love.

I know it is urged that what is known as the "sex question" enters very largely into life, and therefore should be discussed in stories; but there are many other questions "which enter largely into life" which we should never think of introducing into stories, because they outrage good taste.

I am afraid this is all very old-fashioned; but I take it that you ask for my honest convictions.

JOSEPH HOCKING.

MR. HUBERT WALES

YOU suggest two standpoints from which the question of "Sex and the Short Story" may be regarded —that of "art" and that of "popular interest." Taking the latter first, I have often, for my part, honestly attempted to think out a scheme for a story which would present some hope of holding a reader, which would not be a mere series of adventures, not a mere glorified boy's book, but which would not hinge upon a "love interest," and I have never been able to do it. Adventure stories, which appear to be the only alternative, are divided into certain well-defined "lines"—the sea story, the war story, the sport story, the travel story, the pseudo-scientific story, the mystery story—and these are undertaken, for the most part, by writers well versed in the special subjects, who, at the same time, by deciding to work a particular mine, necessarily to some extent limit their ambition. The field which is offered to the writer by the eternal motive of sex attraction is so wide as to be practically limitless—he need place no bounds to his wings, if they are strong enough. It is constantly and universally interesting, because it is constantly and universally personal; there is no one, of whatever race or class, who is not, in a greater or less degree, subject to it. Your correspondent "Saunterer" distinguishes between the "love interest" when it is presented in the form of unattached couples who are able and willing to marry, and the same thing when those fortunate circumstances do not exist. To rule out the latter, it appears to me, would be to put a crushing handicap upon writers. You cannot make bricks without straw; and it is the absence of the fortunate circumstances which provides the straw. The course of a fortunate love affair is, no doubt, very absorbing to the two principals concerned in it; but not only is it not absorbing to others, but it very soon becomes cloying. The Victorian novelists provided themselves with straw by the device of introducing various misunderstandings to keep the lovers apart and postpone the wedding bells till the last chapter of the last volume. That sort of thing called for considerable exercise of literary *legerdemain*; but it was necessarily superficial.

The highest art is to hold a "mirror up to Nature"; and no one who wishes to do that but can give an outstanding place to the human factor which is at the core of life, which is often very beautiful and often very ugly, which strikes every string in the whole range of emotions, and which is unchanging through change. There was a time, I confess, when I used to think that this harping on love was rather namby-pamby. It seems a small thing, perhaps, in a modern drawing-room. One has to see it in proportion and in perspective, upon the background of time and the world. What Tennyson does, what Shakespeare does, what Solomon does, there can be no question must be done by those who aspire to hold up a corner of the mirror. The eternal problem will never be solved, and it can never be shelved. Succeeding generations will provide succeeding answers, to meet, as best they may, their own conditions; and it will remain an abiding theme of thought and art while the world holds men and women. HUBERT WALES.

Black Boy Scouts: An Interesting Picture from St. Vincent

The above photograph, which was taken in Victoria Park, Kingstown, St. Vincent, shows a review of the newly formed Boy Scouts—a development of the Church Lads Brigade. The building seen on the right is the Rectory

La Pompadour in Opera

A PICTURESQUE PRODUCTION BY MISS MARIE BREMA AT THE SAVOY THEATRE

Miss Marie Brema, as La Pompadour, and Mr. Francis Braun, as Chevalier de Vauvert, in the Boudoir Scene of "La Pompadour"

Vauvert notices a Beauty-Spot that La Pompadour tears on her shoulder. She surprises his look in the mirror

Miss Marie Brema, as La Pompadour, and Two Maids (Miss Weir and Miss Thorpe)

The subject of this opera, played for the first time in England, is taken from "La Mouche," the charming story of Alfred de Musset. The "fly" has settled on the soft shoulder of the Marquise, where no mortal eye can spy it without danger. "Fashion is a strange thing. Our grandmothers did not mind going to Court in immense dresses cut very low in front, but they carefully hid their shoulders, which the fair ladies of to-day exhibit at the Opera. It is a newly invented beauty"

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

SPEAKING of the Coronation, it seems a little hard that none of our later Peers should have a chance of putting in claims to carry a Spur or a Goblet or something.

* * *

Why should modern Peers—who are in many ways as smart and capable as any of those who were created in the Good Old Days—not be given their opportunity? Why should not the Five Hundred, who are to see the Parliament Bill through, have no reward for their services except a mere title?

* * *

Why in any event should not the whole thing be brought up to date? I propose that the following claims should at once be investigated by the Coronation Court:

LORD TOOTING (*Prospective Peer*).—To carry the King's Motor Goggles on Crimson Velvet Cushion and to keep the same Polished; also to have privilege of riding free of charge, eke gratis and for nothing, in any motor omnibus plying from Tooting Common to Westminster Abbey. Plea based on fact that Lord T. has in past years manufactured polishes of all sorts, and is expert in use thereof.

MR. GRAHAME WHITE.—To carry a small Aeroplane as a symbol of his office of High Bird Man, if invited by His Majesty to assume said office.

ALEX. HERD, ESQ.—To provide golf clubs for the King's right hand and support His Majesty's right arm while driving.

MR. KEIR HARDIE.—To be assigned usual place at the Coronation. Also to have one yard of scarlet cloth for new tie.

MR. W. CHURCHILL.—To be entitled to a baton for defence against Suffragettes and others. Also to receive five yards of new sacking on condition that same be wrought into a bag and used for coverture of head.

* * *

It appears that the Kaiser, in his capacity of all-round instructor to the human race, has a rival in the Far East. The Maharajah of Ajaigarh, who has recently written a work to promote the moral education of the youth of India, has also at times published books on agriculture, medical science, cooking, and the care of infants.

* * *

If any reader should meet a Tariff Reformer whom he suspects of having drunk too much wine, let him get the latter to repeat the following test remark: "I regard Reciprocity as more Reprehensible and Ridiculous than the Referendum."

"Cabby Contemplates the Chauffeur"

A study by George Belcher, whose exhibition at the Leicester Galleries of London types opens on the 11th

Motto for those who wish to see a Coronation Procession worthy of London: "Let a Mall come."

* * *

Speculation is still rife as to why the body of Mrs. Eddy should have been buried by armed men in a special steel-armoured grave. It almost looks as though they were afraid Mrs. Eddy was not properly dead.

* * *

There seems to be some doubt as to whether Dr. Strauss's *Der Rosen-Kavalier* is of enormous importance from a musical point of view. All the critics, on the other hand, are agreed that for keeping the Censor in training the opera will prove invaluable.

* * *

A tour, involving a friendly and social match, is to be made by the Automobile Clubs of England and Germany in competition for the Prince Henry Cup. There are to be no speed trials nor timed hill-climbs, and the cars of the two countries are to be run as two separate teams. I suppose as the motorists fly past the judge they will have to lift their goggles, and the smiles on the faces of the respective teams will first be photographed and then measured—the cup going to those who cover the largest space?

* * *

It is not clear, says an American contemporary, why Mrs. Hetty Green should have abdicated her control over twenty million pounds to her son, Colonel Green, who stands six feet in his stockings and weighs over 300lbs. Surely the reason was that Mrs. Green realised, with a mother's instinct, that the Colonel was too heavy, and thought the responsibility would get him stringier.

* * *

An alien who was arrested the other day with a revolver in his pocket explained to the Court that he had brought it with him to England because he thought he might have to defend himself there. There are so many Scots Guards about.

* * *

"Territorials in camp are in future to be taught cooking for themselves in their own messtins, as they will thereby be better prepared for the actual conditions of war." And, even in times of peace, Territorials who are the husbands of Suffragists will find the accomplishment useful.

The Bystander Artist in Paris

BEAUTIES IN THE BOIS: BY H. M. BATEMAN

RIVIERA GOSSIP

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

HOWEVER hackneyed the weather may be as a subject, I cannot refrain from talking about it, for the way in which the Riviera clerk has been behaving these last few days is positively abnormal. It has not only been sunny and bright all along the Azure Coast, but it has been positively hot, and an overcoat between ten in the morning and four in the afternoon has generally been a nuisance. It has even been so fine that a plucky Britisher who strolled along the Promenade des Anglais the other morning attired in white ducks failed to raise a smile, and one or two lunchers on the terrace of the Méditerranée were compelled to go inside on account of the sun being too strong.

An interested spectator on the Place at Monte Carlo of the cars that took part in the Grand Parade (won by Rougier, who paid us a flying visit last year in the true sense of the word) was the Leader of the Opposition, who came over from Cannes to spend a few days at the Métropole. I tracked him to the Casino, but, though he wandered round the roulette and trente-et-quarante tables, purse in hand, he seemed reluctant to play, and finally disappeared without winning or losing a louis. The other night he was dining with Lord and Lady Wolverton at the Paris, which, rumour says, is next year to be managed by Marquet, of Ostend fame.

Prince Ibrahim, Nephew of the late Shah of Persia, with a charming companion at Monte Carlo

Roller-skating in Nice has caught on like wildfire with the "smart set," and the really *chic* thing to do these days is to spend the afternoon at the Imperial Club, where, after they have finished "rolling," they dance until it is time to dress for dinner.

Skating is also all the rage at Cannes, where rink after rink is being opened. There was great excitement at the Cannes Polo Club the other afternoon, where a plucky aviator flew over from La Brague and descended on the field in the middle of a match. Not the least amusing part of the descent was the way in which players and spectators scampered off when they saw the aeroplane nearing the earth. Several flyers are now on the Riviera. Some are installed at La Brague, and others at the Var, and one can see interesting flights almost every day.

The latest news is to the effect that the famous Cercle de la Méditerranée, which has been dying slowly for the last five or six years owing to the Casino competition, is shortly to breathe its last. In other words, it is to be taken over by its destroyers, the Casino Municipal, whose directors mean to convert it into an ultra-modern hotel with a roof-garden among its other attractions. With the Méditerranée closed and the Masséna on its very last legs, Nice threatens to be without a real club of any kind.

The Fête of St. Dévote at Monaco: The Bishop Blesses the Sea

Annually, on January 27, the piously inclined of Monte Carlo celebrate the fête of Saint Dévote, their *patronne*. Tradition has it that the body of the martyred Virgin was brought to Monte Carlo by two monks in a little boat destitute of oars, sails, or other motive power, and that upon its reverent reception by the inhabitants a little white dove fluttered over the shrine where the relics were installed, remaining for many years a herald of peace and prosperity

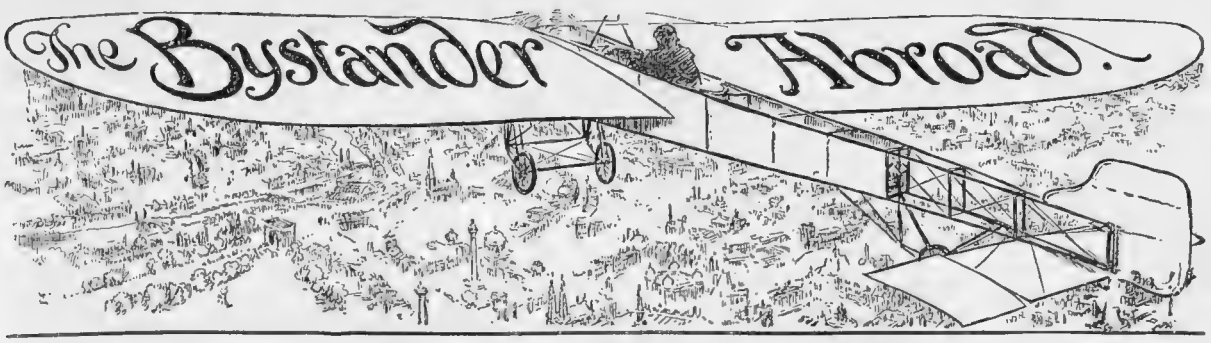
Winter Water-Nymphs at Nice

THE MEDITERRANEAN AS WARM AS IT IS BLUE

The Comité d'Interet *locale*, who, with the amiable Monsieur Pierre Gautier at their head, are responsible for the multifarious fêtes of Nice, were quick to take advantage of the recent glorious weather, and organised a swimming competition, which met with huge success. The competitors, male and female, declared the Mediterranean to be almost as warm as it is blue, and all Nice turned out on the Promenade des Anglais to watch the races. During the afternoon that plucky aviator, Legagneux, flew quite close to the "grand stand" in his biplane, and was cheered to the echo

Le Cœur Sous la Soutane

A PARISIAN ACTUALITY: BY EDWARD BERGMANN



PARIS TOPICS

From Our Own Correspondent

IT'S the hardest thing in the world to persuade the Englishman that the Parisian works at all. "He always seems to be eating," remarks the tourist, for between eleven and one, the time when the Englishman is beginning his day, the Frenchman's is half over, and he is indulging in his "solid meal" and a game of dominoes before returning to work till eight. When an English friend of mine received word that the Finance Minister would see him at 8.30 a.m. he thought at first it was a joke, but such appointments are quite usual here. M. Briand receives at eight in the morning, M. Clemenceau rises at 5.30, summer and winter, and M. Rodin, the veteran sculptor, starts work never later than six. His private secretary, who lives in Paris, has to start his work at Meudon at seven punctually, and as Meudon is half an hour's journey from Paris this means his starting from Paris at 6.30!

The effect of short hours of sleep does not make Frenchmen sleepy in the evening. Many Frenchmen who have worked in a *bureau* all day go home and work in the evening. M. Rodin's private secretary is known in the world of letters; M. Briand, after a morning at his Ministry and the afternoon till seven in the Chamber, writes in the evening. M. Clemenceau also used to write till late into the night. But not only do politicians, University professors, and schoolmasters write, but the shopkeeper now and again tries his hand at authorship in some form, and even the sempstress has attained fame as a writer by a book which is now published in English—I mean *Marie Claire*; in fact, everybody in France can write. This faculty for writing, of course, makes the French very *exigeant* as regards literary form. If a play lacks it, it runs a chance of being hissed off the stage. A newspaper which publishes slovenly prose is exposed to a similar fate; in short, whatever the matter may be, its faults are redeemed if the style is good. This is one of the most striking features in modern French Society.

Photograph *Fuller and Osborne*

Count von Aehrenthal

The Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, whose remarks on the extreme uncertainty of the political weather at the present time and deprecation of a "blind and exaggerated" optimism as to the operative value of the Triple Entente have caused some sensation in Europe. The Count is an old enemy of Isvolsky's, and has, while retaining his own office, seen the latter retire to a post of minor importance

When Mr. Sandow tried to start an agency in Paris for his health-giving corsets he understood that if he wished Parisian ladies to wear them he must induce the actresses to do so. Polaire started the craze; twenty-five of her profession have followed her example. A triumph for German enterprise! In Paris you go to the Bois to see the smart actresses just as we in England go to the Park to catch a glimpse of the leaders of London Society, and take good care they shall not pass unobserved. The last time I saw Polaire in the Bois, she stopped her automobile at the place where she thought most spectators had congregated; her footman then lifted her out, and she toddled a few yards as quickly as her skirt would allow. She was then lifted back. A few minutes later she repeated these antics a little further on. "*C'est pour me faire maigrir,*" she remarked to a friend who was passing. It would be hard to imagine anyone thinner than Polaire!

Much as Sir C. Dilke's death has been regretted in England, it has been still more so here, where a latent feeling of indignation against the treatment he received has prevailed for many years. When Sir Charles came over to Paris in 1903 with his distinguished wife, he and she were the lions of the hour. Both spoke French well, and both had something of French exuberance in their character. *Affaires d'amour* in a statesman are not regarded in France with austerity, otherwise, I fear, it would be difficult to recruit a Cabinet at all! The great exception, the virtuous M. Beranger, a really distinguished politician and the author of the *loi Berarger*, which is the French equivalent of the First Offenders Act, was an everlasting butt of fun for the French wit and caricaturist.

THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

From Our Own Correspondent

ONE of the sorrows of being an alien in Germany is that you get no decoration. Everyone else gets one, and it is at this cold time of the year that you remember the fact. Before the end of January takes place the terrific Court ceremony known as the "Crown and Orders Feast," whereat unhappy Wilhelm II. receives all the thousands of persons on whom he has newly bestowed crosses and stars. On the following day appears a sixteen-page supplement of the official newspaper containing nothing but the names and titles of the thousands of happy and vain recipients.

When you have read the list (it takes two days) you begin to wonder whether, as a non-decorated man, you have a grievance or a distinction. Your German friends have no such doubts. For they are brought up to believe that every individual who serves the State, however lowly his rank, has as much right to his decoration as he has to his wages. When an official has been at work a certain number of years he gets his first decoration, say, "The Order of the Royal Crown of the Fourth Class," and exactly ten years later he gets a higher decoration, and so on. He is decorated according to seniority, or, as Germans say, "ancien-nitaet," or "ancientness." From the Fourth Class Crown Order he progresses steadily upwards towards higher decorations, and this goes on by decades until he is quite ancient, and blazes forth in the "Grand Cross of the Red Eagle in Brilliants." And whether he is a dignified young "Assessor," with a University law-training and hopes of being Chancellor, or merely a Staterailwayplatelayer, he will have an Order of some kind, and be able to look down superciliously on the undesirable, disordered alien.

The funny thing is that although—or is it because ?—there is no merit about a German decoration, every German pants for one, and when he has got a low-down Order he immediately becomes a sort of inverted Peter Pan and thirsts for premature ancient-ness in order to get a higher one. It is a well-known fact that hunger for an unearned decoration is the only lure that has ever seduced a German official from the path of probity. Offer him a million bribe, and he (earning his marks twenty a week) will draw himself up and thunder, "Ich habe mein Gehalt," which means "I have my salary." But offer him a high decoration, and he will forthwith forget duty, Fatherland, faith, wife—and even dinner. The story is told of a highly respectable, and even ancient, clerk in the Ministry of the Interior whose duty was to keep the roll of seniority according to which officials are decorated. He had a bad habit of looking discontentedly at the entry of his own name, at which stood the by no means despicable record: "Years of service, 30." In a moment of weakness he added a cypher to the "30," and next day sent in a special memorial to the Kaiser asking for all the highest Orders set in brilliants on the ground that he had faithfully served the Father-land for three hundred years.

It is easy enough to sneer at German Orders, but some of them are worth having. This remark does not apply to the ordinary decoration, which, on an average,costs 3*s*. and after your death has to be returned to the State, which polishes it up, buys for ninepence a new velvet-lined case, and hands it, maybe, to your former subordinate, some insignificant stripling clerk with no more than twenty letters to his name. Orders given "in brilliants," however, are a brilliant excep-tion. The State here abandons its penurious principles, allows you £1,000 for the brilliants, and when you die does not ask for their return. (It knows it wouldn't get them.—Ed.) The decorated person is expected to sell the brilliants, and to set paste stones in the decoration. Unluckily, Orders in brilliants are given only about once a year, and one must be a "Reichsmarineamtsverwaltungsdepartmentsdirektor," at least, to attain the coveted distinction. Yet surely, to adapt Bret Harte, the end fully justifies the proceedings.

Gun Running in the Persian Gulf: An Object-Lesson for Loyal Arabs

The wonders of a man-of-war were explained to loyal chiefs of Arabia, who, at the invitation of the captain, visited H.M.S. *Fox* whilst in the Persian Gulf

The Camera on Sunny Shores

"GIB," TANGIER, AND ALGECIRAS

BRITAIN'S EMPIRE MASTER-KEY

The famous rock of Gibraltar, showing, on right, the Garrison Town and road leading to the fortifications, the gun ports of which will be noted cleft in the living rock, the summit of which is over 1,400ft. in height

Photographs] ALGECIRAS: A POPULAR SPANISH COAST RESORT [*H. W. Nicholls*

Algeciras, nine miles from Gibraltar by road and five by sea across the sun-lit bay, is eagerly sought by lotus eaters bored by the unvarying rigours of less favoured climes. It was from this quaint little port that Spanish troops embarked for Melilla during the Moroccan troubles. Inset is a view of TANGIER, a town which has experienced many vicissitudes. It has in turn belonged to Moors, Arabs, Spaniards, and Pirates, and was at one time the property of England. Always noteworthy for its delightful climate, it has in recent years enjoyed increased popularity, and, as was shown in "The Bystander" last week, has received recognition from a British Cabinet Minister

The Spanish Sentinel's Vigil

"THE HUM OF EITHER ARMY STILLY SOUNDS, THAT THE FIXED SENTIN

This striking photograph was taken at daybreak, but without danger to the artist on account of espionage. The sentinel is p
of land to the left of the base of Gibraltar Rock is the ne

Opposite the Rock of Gibraltar

ELS ALMOST RECEIVE THE SECRET WHISPERS OF EACH OTHER'S WATCH"
—SHAKESPEARE

sted on the Spanish coast at Algeciras. The building on the small island in the centre is a Spanish prison. The narrow spit tral ground between the Spanish and the British lines

BY H. W. NICHOLLS

Clothes and the Woman

THE HOBBLE AND THE HAREM SKIRT PASS MOROCCO BY

BY H. W. NICHOLLS

FAMOUS HUNTS AT HOME

No. XXXI.—Worcestershire

Written and Illustrated by Leonard Willoughby

Ombersley Hall, near Droitwich: The Master's House

RECORDS show that hounds hunted in Worcestershire as early as 1733, and, in fact, the Berkeleys of Cotheridge kept hounds 100 years before a county pack was established. The country is now to be congratulated in possessing features which are essential to the prosperity of hunting. These are a first-rate pack of hounds, an equally good huntsman, a keen Master, and a country well supplied with foxes. The landowners, especially on the Warwickshire side, such as Lords Abergavenny and Plymouth, Sir Harry Vernon, Squire Cheape, and Mr. Franklin, all give up their estates to fox-preserving, and not an inch of wire is to be found on their properties. This also applies to Lord Hindlip's and Mr. Berkeley's of Spetchley.

As regards the hounds, the pack consists of sixty-two couples, of which twenty-two couples are dogs. The dog-hounds have good necks and shoulders, great bone well carried down, and good feet right through. They are big, well-coupled-up, straight hounds, and are symmetrical in colour, showing a great deal of Belvoir tan. Their work is excellent, and they have, too, to try all day, as it is a very bad scenting country. But when there is a scent they at once show their splendid drive, and are very fast in an open country. They hunt well together, have a fine tongue, and are altogether very stout hounds. The bitches have also good necks and shoulders and plenty of bone well carried down, and they have good frames, the right sort to breed from. Like the dogs, they have a good cry—a thing which is often short in bitches—and they are very fast, sharp, and nippy. There is, I think, little to choose between the dogs and bitches. Taking the pack all round they are as good a looking lot as can be found in any kennel, and one which any Master might justly feel proud of. The kennels are at Fernhill Heath, just outside of Worcester, and are exceptionally good red-brick buildings, containing four lodging-rooms, with good yards. They are built on stiff clay soil, and are quite healthy. William Shepherd, despite his mannerism, is an excellent man in kennels, and few, if any, know their work better. In the field he is as good as ever he was, and still rides perfectly straight to hounds. There is nothing to criticise adversely in his work, either in kennel or

Left to right: Rev. Nigel Freer (Hon. Sec.), Mr. Arthur Jones (Master), W. Shepherd (Huntsman), Mrs. Jones, Master Jones, T. Vokins (Whip), George Shepherd (Second Horseman)

field, for his hounds come to him readily. Mr. Jones hunts hounds himself one day a week up to the New Year, and three days a fortnight after, and this on the rough hills on the western side, and which are principally on his own estate. The pack he hunts is a mixed one, which contains a few Welsh hounds marvellous in their work. They are rough-looking hounds, with wonderful stamina and nose, and hunt these hill foxes well. Mr. Jones has been in command since 1906, and during his reign sport has been up to the average, and this season admittedly above it. He is keen on the breeding of hounds, and his judgment in this respect has been successful. In the field he is somewhat of a disciplinarian, but a hard rider and always with his hounds. As a huntsman he gets about the hilly country—which he hunts at his own expense on Saturdays—in a remarkable way, considering he is no feather-weight. He hunts hounds well, and his knowledge of the country and the run of a fox enable him to show sport in a country which heretofore has been more or less avoided by successive Masters. This has opened up a considerable tract of country which to a great extent was previously fallow.

A Landmark in the Park at Ombersley Hall

It is a clock tower with rooms fitted up for tea, and above them is a carillon of bells which plays many tunes

Left to right: Master Jones (aged fourteen), Mrs. Jones, W. Shepherd (the Huntsman), and Mr. Jones (the Master)

The Lady Pack Out for Morning Exercise

The Hunt is fortunate in having a most tactful Hon. Secretary in the Rev. Nigel Freer, a sportsman good and true, who comes out and enjoys a gallop as often as his clerical duties permit.

Foxes are numerous all over the country, but the country helps them much in a run, as, owing to the formation of the ground, which carries, in addition, a poor scent, it behoves a huntsman to be as clever as his quarry in achieving his end. But this is just where Mr. Jones and Shepherd are at home, and, with the brilliant pack they have, show sport in this cramped, difficult country which is quite up to, and, indeed, far above, many hunts who pride themselves on being *Nulli Secundus*.

Worcestershire Hunt Favourites

MR. ARTHUR JONES, THE POPULAR MASTER OF THE WORCESTERSHIRE HUNT, WITH A FAVOURITE HOUND

Mr. Jones has led the Worcester since 1906, and has provided excellent sport for the Hunt, especially this year. He lives at Ombersley, near Droitwich

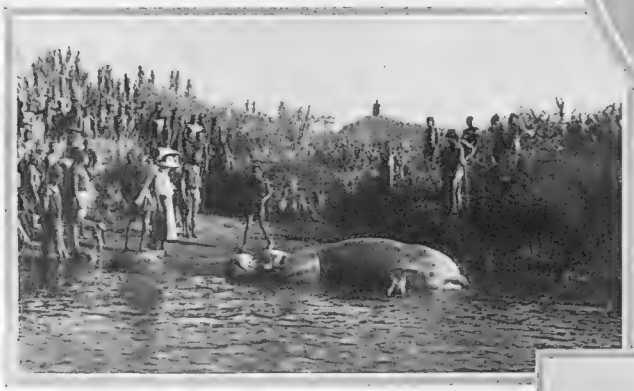
In the Haunts of the Hippo

A Big Hippopotamus Landed

HIPPO are usually shot from a bank or from a boat as they rise to the surface of the water to breathe; but a far more humane and satisfactory method is to shoot them by moonlight on dry land as they come ashore to graze.

It was in this way that the writer secured her first hippo on a glorious moonlight night on what is now a well-known African lake. Concealed in a rush-built hide, she and her husband waited

Wading Out to the Carcase



Kavirondos Waiting Permission to Cut up the Carcase
The lady who shot the hippo and wrote this article is seen in the picture

the fall of night and the almost simultaneous rising of the moon. To a lover of nature the long wait for the appearance of the hippo was made worth while by the wonderful scene of water-fowl life as the birds flew in over the brackish lake to drink the sweet waters of the Karriendoos, a scene so vividly described in Mr. Abel Chapman's book, "On Safari." For some time hippos had been splashing and grunting noisily round. Eventually two emerged, their dripping hides glistening in the moonlight. A shot at very close range finished the evening's entertainment. It is often a matter of some difficulty getting these big animals ashore, but to the porters of the Safari always a very congenial occupation.

In the country of the Kavirondo no waste is incurred in shooting a hippo, for the natives of this tribe are always delighted at the prospect of such a substantial meal. They swarm in hundreds to the shore, where

Natives Dragging the Carcase Ashore

the dead hippo is known to be, and, as if by magic, the whole of this huge carcase is carried piecemeal away to make the *pièce de résistance* for a Kavirondo banquet.

FREDA HARLEY.

Bystander Short Story

The NET of TRUTH

By MARGARET BUTLER

"*Love is the net of truth.*"—ABU SAID.

MR. SIDNEY CATTERIDGE was entertaining at his villa on the Riviera. He sat at the head of a long table. The table was white and its decoration white. Most of the guests who fringed it were anything but. A more dusky-souled congregation has rarely assembled outside the satin-smeared lounges of a fashionable *séance*.

Mr. Catteridge was short and slightly corpulent. His moustache was of the pale but thick tint of Cheddar cheese, and his eyes were a watery blue. There were no rings on his small, thin, and amazingly inappropriate hands.

To the lady on his right, who affected the appearance and manners of the stone-faced county matron, it was not, he chatted amiably enough about his lack of appreciation of caviare and her late inestimable, assumed, husband's old craze for collecting brass buttons.

On Mr. Catteridge's left sat a fluffy, wide-eyed girl, "all yoke and yearning," gazing hopefully up at a shiered German captain, who had previously picked every strawberry out of the fruit salad. The German warrior flanked a thin, determined man-woman, who wore pince-nez and demonstrated, by knife and fork waves, to a bored Hebrew her belief that the home was woman's true sphere. Followed three sandwiches of tinkered-up men and neatly mended women. The rest of the guests were ladies and gentlemen, all looking exceedingly frightened.

No one really knew who Mr. Catteridge was. He had never been noticed on the Riviera before. This, indeed, was his principal recommendation.

All his guests, however, were prepared to tolerate or enjoy his generous hospitality, and his house was not far from being the handsomest and most expensive on the coast.

To-night Mr. Catteridge was very ill at ease. One of his invited guests had not put in appearance. It was entirely for her sake, too, that the dinner had been arranged. He had known the lady for barely three weeks, and only after repeated entreaties had she consented to honour his house by a visit.

Miss Viola Warne was a very great puzzle to many people besides Mr. Catteridge. She was a strikingly beautiful woman of about thirty years of age. So reserved was she that hardly anyone knew her. She had a suite of rooms at one of the best hotels in Monte Carlo, but she never entertained, amusing herself principally by high play at the tables, where she invariably lost, and motoring round the neighbourhood.

Mr. Catteridge had scratched up an acquaintance with her in the Casino by taking her part and proving her correct in a slight dispute with a fellow-gambler. Since then he had haunted her footsteps with tireless devotion.

The admiration of the little man was easy to understand, but few would have persevered as he did in the face of repeated snubs. But a rebuff from Viola Warne was to Mr. Catteridge what a caress would have been from other women. At last he had his reward.

Her car had broken down on the road to Nice. He had been lucky enough to arrive on the scene before anyone else. His offer of a lift was accepted, and the beautiful unknown had, in the course of the drive, consented to join his dinner-party.

Dinner had that evening been delayed for nearly twenty minutes in the hope that Miss Warne would eventually arrive. Even then Mr. Catteridge only allowed his unevenly assorted guests to sit down to table because of the impatient comments that reached his ears.

Wherefore, although Mr. Catteridge chatted amiably with the imitatively matronly lady on his right, his heart, which, after pork, always palpitated, was sore within him.

While Mr. Catteridge's dinner was in progress, and the delicacies of the later courses set off the indelicacies of the conversation, Viola Warne was at the hotel dressing herself with the aid of a maid.

She was just such a girl, and just so rare a girl, as to make most men dissatisfied with their loves. She walked and held her head so splendidly that no one questioned the beauty of her figure, in reality quite indifferent. There was a wistful, sad look in her eyes when alone, that was eloquent of an eventful past, or, at any rate, a pretty unusual determination as to the future. Women could not remember the colour of her hair. A polite poet—so rare, you know—once said that it was like a sunshine on red ivy.

She was very gentle with her maid, corrected her mistakes without comment, and, as soon as her wonderful hair was dressed, dismissed the girl for the evening.

Though ready to go, she sat by the window for some

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

time, looking out on the caressing Riviera night. Once she got up and commenced to remove her jewellery, but she put it on again and resumed her seat. It was nearly ten before she impetuously rose and left the room. In a few minutes she was in the hall of Mr. Catteridge's house.

He greeted her with surprise and a warm glow of relief which threatened eventually to damp his collar.

"I could not dine with you," explained Viola. "I really should not be out at all. The doctor strongly advises bed, and, I think, gruel for my complaint. But I did not like to disappoint you altogether, and I simply loathe being off my feet."

"It is really most kind of you, Miss Warne. If I had known that you were unwell I should have postponed our dinner-party. Will you come and sit on the balcony? You won't want to mix with this crowd if you are out of sorts."

He led the way to a wide verandah and noted with appreciation that it was unoccupied. Miss Warne refused any refreshment, but lit a strong cigarette.

He lit a cigarette also, but he soon let it go out, and sat as close to her as he dared, leaning forward with hands tightly clasped.

"You are the only one here this evening that I really want to talk to. I can't imagine how I should have felt if you had not come."

"What are your guests doing?"

"Gambling."

"The busman's holiday. How tiring it must be to be always doing the same thing."

"That is why the Riviera *habitués* are generally so very dull."

"You have been here before, then?" she asked, slightly turning her face.

"Oh, yes, often, for brief visits. I'm not very young."

"Forty?"

"And five," he willingly admitted with a boyish smile. He was fifty.

"I have been here for three winters in succession. I love this coast. I should like to live here always."

Mr. Catteridge cleared his throat.

"If I had plenty of money," went on Viola, "I should build a little nest on the shore in as solitary a position as possible. One could live beautifully and die beautifully."

"But you must not contemplate death, Miss Warne."

"It's unbecoming, I know; but I'm thirty, and I haven't got the will to live. Some people are beloved of the gods."

"You puzzle me tremendously. You talk of a solitary life and your indifference to the end of it, and yet I see you daily in all the gay resorts on the coast. You have been gambling every day since I first entered the Casino."

"Quite true. I gambled because I hoped to make enough to buy my hermit's cave and the locusts and honey."

"You have not been winning?"

"No, I have lost steadily. In fact, I have no money left."

He sat upright, his eyes filled with concern.

"Miss Warne, you surely don't mean that you——"

"I mean that I have no money left, and can raise no more."

"Miss Warne." The man blushed and almost whispered. "Dare I offer to help you?"

She sat for some time in thought. Then she looked at him, and turned away, a little irritated by the ardent eagerness of his face.

"Of course," she explained, "I knew that you would offer to help me. That was why I told you of my position. But a man of your—temperament—does not lend without security, does not give without being certain of receiving. I do you no injustice, so you must not frown and pull your moustache. You probably want to marry me."

"Miss Warne, I——"

She stopped him, not without a little start of surprise at his look of delighted adoration.

"You know very little of me. What I tell you may not be true. You have no means of judging, at any rate. Yet you have most obviously pursued me for three weeks. That must either stop or continue."

"I should never cease trying to win you, no matter how often you rejected me."

"Then you do want to marry me?"

"Yes, Viola, I love you. I want——." It was necessary for her to repulse him with outstretched arm. The action was for all the world that of a Rugby football forward "handing off" an opponent.

"I do not care for you. Yet the only alternative I have to selling myself is suicide."

"You would learn to care. I swear I would make you happy. I have more money than I can realise, far more than I could spend in fifty years. I am a widower. I have no children. It should all be yours. You should have your hermit's cave and your locusts and honey. You could not be unhappy unless you loved another man."

"That would not happen. I have only loved once. I suffer from a frigidity of spirit that will not let me love again. I have never married. There is no one alive sufficiently nearly related to me to care what becomes of me. I am just a Miss Viola Warne, daughter of people that other people's parents used to know, now penniless."

"What has happened to the man you loved?"

"Six weeks before our proposed wedding he was mixed up in a very painful scandal. He fled the country, was extradited, tried, and sentenced to penal servitude."

"My poor girl, my poor girl!"

"He is probably out of prison now. But where he is, if he is still alive, I don't know, nor, of course, can I care."

"Was his case as bad as that?"

"As bad as that." The pain that the woman suffered as she told the story was reflected in her face. Catteridge unconsciously recoiled slightly from her, so grim was the set of her mouth, so harsh the expression of her eyes.

"Might I know his name?"

"Why do you want to know that?"

Catteridge hesitated. An uneasy suspicion had crossed his mind. Was this story, after all, quite new to him?

"I might be able to tell you," he explained, "if he

(*Continued on page 294*)

The Slave of Love

AN ARABIAN STUDY: BY A. E. DINET

Exhibited at the Salon of 1901, and now at the Musée du Luxembourg, Paris

(Continued from page 292)

is still alive. Men hear gossip of that sort more frequently than women."

She thought a little while, and then, looking him full in the face, she gave the name.

Catteridge gazed at her as if held up by a revolver. His lower jaw had dropped.

"Do you know the name?"

He still stared.

"Answer!" She rose and held his left arm—tight, with the grip of tingling nerves.

"Yes, I do."

"Is Roy Conlay alive?"

"Yes."

"Where is he?"

"I—I don't know."

"He is out of prison?"

"Yes."

"Ought he to have gone to prison?"

"God! How can I say?"

"You know. You know. Who sent him to prison?"

"Viola! For mercy's sake!"

"Whose evidence damned him?"

He buried his face in his hands. She flung herself upon her knees and tore his hands away, forcing him to look into her eyes.

"Whose evidence damned him?"

"Mine. Mine."

"I knew. I knew. I guessed it was you. Was it true? Beast, answer me. Was it true?"

"Yes, by Heaven, yes. I swear it."

Viola rose to her feet again. She walked to the edge of the balcony and clutched the rail. With heaving breast and swimming eyes she stood waiting for the man to speak, and yet dreading what he might have to tell her.

But he did not speak. He sat very still, half-dazed.

Presently she turned to him.

"If you have any dramatic instinct," she said bitterly, "this situation ought to appeal to you. I will tell you that I never sought you out. This is no carefully schemed revenge. I never noticed you except to regard you as a mild nuisance, till that day when my car broke down and I was compelled to accept a seat in yours. Then, for the first time, I heard your name. I remembered it. I had good cause to remember it. But I had never seen you in the flesh before. I could not be sure that you were the man who damned Roy. I came to-night to find out. Now I'm glad you're the man. Oh, how glad I am."

"You are very cruel," replied the man hoarsely. "I did not want to ruin my friend. But I could not commit perjury. If I had lied in the witness-box to save Conlay there were twenty witnesses who would have proved that I was lying."

"You were a coward and a false friend. Your word might have saved him, and you funked a little prevarication—a little reticence, even. He was your friend, and you deserted him."

"I stuck to him afterwards. I have done all I could for him."

"Ah!" The woman pounced on the reply. "Then you have seen him since he left prison. You know where he is now."

"Yes—I do." He admitted it in a whisper.

"Tell me, then. You shall tell me. I must know."

"No. You shall never taunt him."

"Is he happy?"

"He is content, so far as his conscience will allow him to be."

For some moments neither spoke. Then the woman seated herself again.

"Listen, Mr. Catteridge. I have a right to see Roy again. I feel that he would like to know that I expressed a wish to see him again. If he were guilty, that is, of course, sufficient reason for his not writing to me. But surely he must value my forgiveness. I feel that I could forgive him. He loved me. I'm sure he loved me. And I loved him then."

"Do you really mean that if I let you see him you would forgive him. It is the dearest hope of his life that you should. He seems to me only to live for that."

"I will forgive him."

"Now?"

"What do you mean?" She caught her breath.

"He is here. He is one of my guests this evening."

The woman clutched the sides of her chair. Her face was white and her chin quivered.

"Send for him," at last she whispered.

Catteridge pressed a bell.

"Ask Mr. Lacon to speak to me for a few moments," he said to the servant.

Both the man and the woman sat silent and waited. Soon footsteps approached and stopped at the window leading on to the verandah.

Viola turned her head very slowly as if it hurt her. She expected to see someone at least resembling the handsome young scapegrace who had proved so unworthy of her love. But here was a bearded man, bent and looking terribly old. His eyelids hung very low, and he did not meet the wondering scrutiny of her eyes.

She rose to her feet and stepped nearer to him.

"Roy!"

The bent figure in the window quivered, but no speech came from his lips.

Viola drew nearer.

"Yes, yes," she half-whispered to herself, "it is you. . . . Tell me, Roy. Were you guilty?"

There was no answer.

"Were you guilty?"

The man's head sunk lower, but he did not speak.

Viola moved from him. His nearness almost made her faint. She looked out towards the beautiful sea, but saw nothing. Her heart was blazing.

So they stood, these three unhappy people. And each could measure the anguish of the others.

A white pigeon fluttered down into the space between the rigid figures.

Viola turned once more.

"I forgive you, Roy," she murmured tremblingly. "I am going on a long journey to-night. We shall not meet again. But remember, I forgive you."

The man at the window bowed his head and stumbled away.

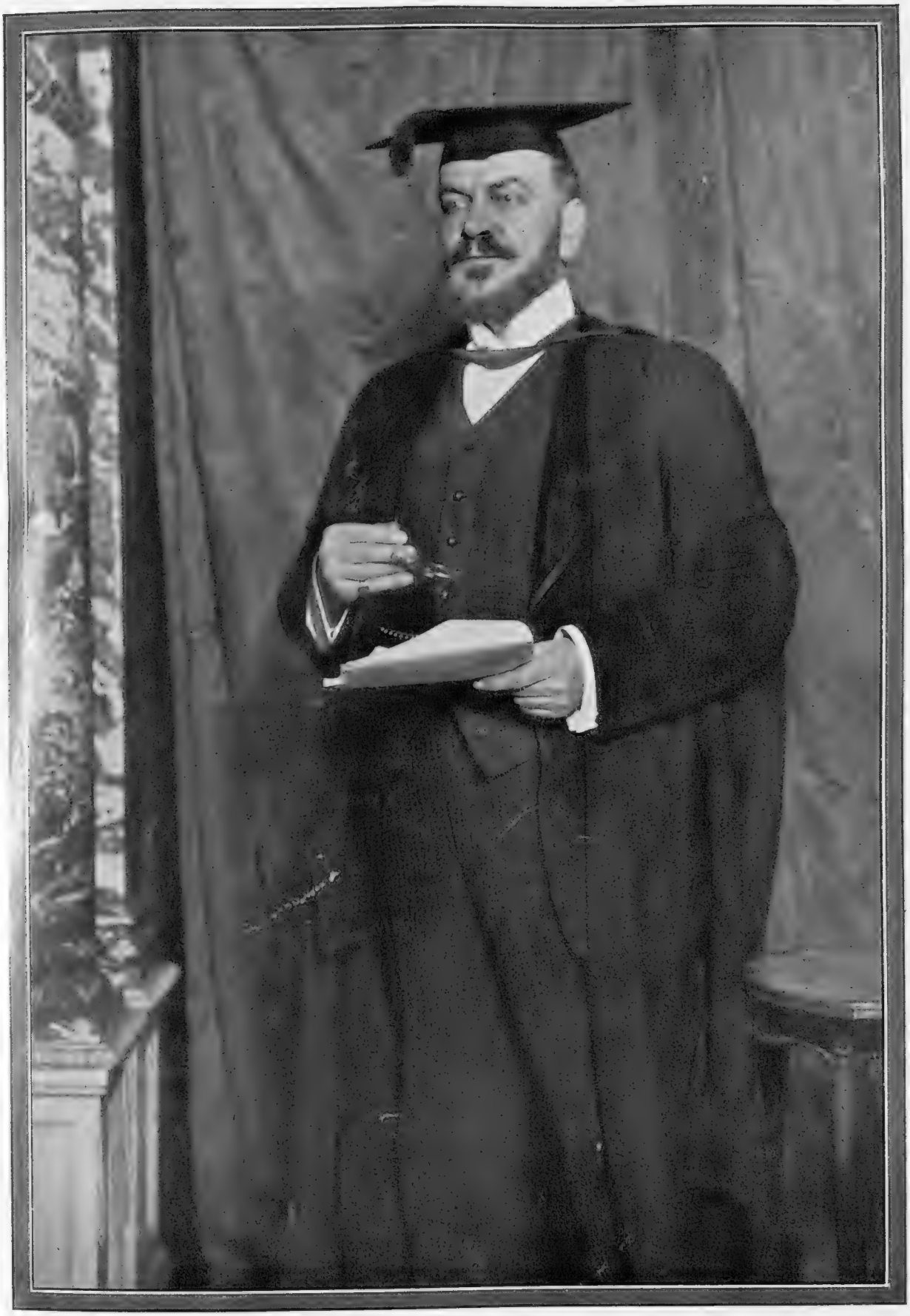
A little later Viola left the balcony and went out into the night alone.

Catteridge still sat with his head buried in his hands. The pigeon surveyed him carefully with his head on one side and then deliberately flapped away to its loft.

MARGARET BUTLER

In Cap and Gown and Beard

A FAMOUS ACTOR IN AN UNUSUAL ASPECT



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, M.A.

Who lectured in the Examination Schools at Oxford last Friday. At the request of the Vice-Chancellor, Mr. Bourchier selected "Some Reflections on the Drama—and Shakespeare" as his subject. No similar honour has been paid by Oxford University to the stage since Professor Vice-Chancellor Jowett invited Sir Henry Irving to lecture there. Mr. Bourchier, it will be remembered, founded the Oxford University Dramatic Society twenty-five years ago. He is wearing his cap and gown as an M.A. of Christ Church College, Oxford, and his beard as the stage impersonator of Henry VIII.

GOLF

Westward Ho at Last

The meeting of the Amateur Championship delegates, for which we had all been waiting, was at last held the other day in Edinburgh, and resulted, as we all expected, in the choice of Westward Ho as the course on which the Amateur Championship of 1912 is to be played. The choice of the Sub-Committee of Inspection had, apparently, been narrowed down to Westward Ho and Portmarnock, and the delegates chose the former with unanimity. Thus a difficult and delicate question has been satisfactorily settled. The Royal North Devon Club gets the satisfaction due to its historical position and to the intrinsic excellence of its links, while Ireland has the consolation of having had a run for her money. It is a pity that Westward Ho was not added many years ago to the regular rota of both Championships. Had this been done, a great deal of agitation and bad feeling might have been saved. But half a loaf is better than no bread, and, as I said some weeks back, it is quite on the cards that the competitors will be so delighted with Westward Ho in 1912 that it will be kept permanently on the rota, and possibly added to that of the Open Championship. If that were done I can see no objection to giving an Irish course a turn once in every seven years, and I have no doubt the undaunted Irish golfers will bend their best energies to the attainment of that privilege.

A Royal (but not Ancient) Golfer

Before leaving for Germany last week, Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein enjoyed a day's golf at Sunningdale. In the morning he played with Jack White against Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein and J. H. Taylor, and in the afternoon he and Mr. Norman Hunter opposed Taylor and White, who beat them, and incidentally achieved a best-ball record for the course

The Amateur Definition

The delegates next took in hand the eternal problem of the amateur definition. We are given to understand that the Sub-Committee had reported in favour of defining a professional, but, as in the case of the recent Lawn Tennis Association meeting, the delegates preferred to tackle the amateur. They were not satisfied with the wording of the definition submitted to them and recommitted it to the Sub-Committee for the purpose of being redrafted. So far as it is possible to judge at present, the aim of the definition is to judge a player's status by what he does on the course itself. That is to say, that a man who works as a club-maker in a professional's shop is not to be considered a professional unless he has carried clubs for hire after attaining the age of sixteen, or received a consideration for playing or teaching the game, or has played for a money prize in a competition.

Whom Should It Exclude?

I am not quite satisfied about the logic of excluding a caddie, who has not done either of the latter two things, and legalising a club and ball-maker out of a shop. But I must await the final draft of the definition before committing myself to any definite position in criticism. The question is an extremely complex one, and it is much to be feared that no definition is possible which shall be entirely logical and which shall not work some hardship somewhere. As a matter of fact, I am not at all sure that a definition is required at all. The authorities in charge of all the great competitions, including the Amateur Championship, always reserve to themselves the right of refusing any entry. It is hardly possible that any amateur whose status was doubtful would have his entry accepted. At the same time, a good strict definition takes the burden of decision from the shoulders of committees in charge of Open Amateur competitions. But there's the rub—the good strict definition.

Ought Sub-Committees' Reports To Be Published?

In conclusion I hazard the assertion that it is a pity that the reports of Sub-Committees, appointed for special purposes, should be allowed to leak out before the body that has appointed them has met to consider their reports and come to a decision upon them. I do not know to whom the indiscretion is attributable which gave us a premature disclosure of the reports of the Sub-Committee in the two cases with which I have been dealing, but I do not think anything but harm can come of such a system. The main body has the right to exclusive information from its Sub-Committee, and has the sole right to give out its decisions to the public.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Eton's Merry Beaglers

A Meet of the Pack at Eton Sanatorium

Photographs *Sport and General*

The Eton College Beagles Arriving at the Meet

The College Hunt manages to survive the persistent attacks of those who object to the existence of the hounds at Eton. Rejoicing in the approval of the Rev. Hon. Edward Lyttelton, the followers of the pack revel in the exhilarating sport and exercise which the beagles afford. Mr. K. Gladstone is the present Master of the hounds

RUGBY FOOTBALL

International Afterthoughts

I should dearly like to know what the English team really thought, individually and collectively, of their French rivals in the recent match at Twickenham. I dare swear that they have been hugely entertained by the comments and criticisms that they have read in the papers. We pundits of the Press have to pretend to know all about it, and sometimes we succeed passably well—perhaps by accident. But in the case of this particular match I think we must own that we were fairly flummoxed. We were bound to be impressed by the fact that Scotland had been beaten by France; but I doubt very much whether the English team were. It struck me that they went through the whole business somewhat perfunctorily, and treated it rather as a trial of patience than as a test of skill, for the Frenchman's ideas of Rugger are still, to say the least of it, somewhat crude, and it cannot have been a very enjoyable game to play in. Our men certainly took their own time to get going, which accounts for the smallness of the half-time score, and when they did get going they were helped by the fact that Dutour, the man who was doing the best defensive work on the French side, was injured, and that Lambert was bringing off nearly all his place kicks. When this happens the score soon begins to mount up. It was certainly a pity that three of the French three-quarters who took part in the defeat of Scotland were unable to play, but I can hardly think it possible that their presence would have made an even match of it, and I still refuse to believe that the defeat of Scotland was "form." The Scotsmen, as soon as they really woke up, would have won but for the referee's leniency towards the Frenchmen's little failings, and if the match were to be played over again to-morrow they would win easily.

The Cambridge University Association Football Team

Photographed before their match at Queen's Club against the Corinthians, whom they beat by 2 goals to *nil*. The 'Varsity match, for which Cambridge are the favourites, takes place at Queen's next Saturday

French Forgetfulness

Seriously, it is high time for the Frenchmen to learn to keep the rules. It is absurd to treat them as if they were just new to the game and liable in their excitement to forget how it is played. Football has been played in France now for somewhere about eight or ten years, and Frenchmen have surely had time to master *the* fundamental principle of Rugger, that a player who is not in possession of the ball must not be interfered with in any way. There is no doubt that their form is improving every year with practice, and the better they become the more essential is it that they should master the rules. They must learn to play the game properly as well as to play to win, and until they do, their international encounters with other nations can hardly have much significance.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The 'Varsities

With nearly all their last year's team available, and their old forward line intact, Cambridge are the favourites for the 'Varsity match at Queen's Club next Saturday; but Oxford are by no means out of the hunt. They have beaten several good teams lately, including the Casuals and the Old Carthusians, and, without being in any way brilliant, are a good level lot, with plenty of strength in defence, while the

Preparing for the Boat Race

The Oxford crew in the making, on the river at Oxford, in charge of their coach, Dr. G. C. Bourne

filling up of the important position of centre-forward has not proved such a difficulty as it was expected to be last term. On the same day that Oxford beat the Old Carthusians by 3—2 at Leyton in a fog, Cambridge beat the Corinthians at Queen's Club under a clear sky by 2—0. It is always an achievement to beat the Corinthians, of course (Cambridge, by the way, beat them last term as well), but on this particular occasion the crack amateur club was not very strongly represented, and there was nothing very convincing about the play of either team, and the Cambridge forwards took some time to get together. On the whole, though it is terribly risky to prophesy about a 'Varsity match, I am inclined to think that Oxford will prove the stronger in defence and Cambridge in attack, and that the superiority of the Cambridge forwards will pull the Light Blues through unless the Oxford backs can bustle them off their game.

HUNTING

The Duke and the Cheshire Hunt

Something of a sensation has been caused in the Cheshire Hunt by the unexpected resignation of the Mastership by the Duke of Westminster. Only two or three weeks ago the followers of the pack welcomed him home from South Africa, and very few of them had then any inkling that the Duke was about to sever his official association with the county pack. Who will take his place? That is a question now anxiously asked in Cheshire, for you will understand that it is not at all easy to get a sportsman willing to undertake the heavy responsibilities involved in the Mastership of a six-days-a-week pack. If only he could devote more time to the hounds, the Duke would have been an ideal Master for Cheshire. He is popular, a keen fox-hunter, and the greatest landowner in the Hunt. It is understood, too, that he is not lacking in wealth, so, you see, he has all the qualifications of the successful M.F.H. He is not, perhaps, so fond of riding to hounds as he is of playing polo. The latter is unquestionably his favourite sport, and I know no man who has a better stud of polo ponies, excepting, maybe, Mr. Harry Whitney, the American. The Duke keeps up his late grandfather's racing interests, but I do not think he is particularly fond of the Turf. Perhaps he will like it better when he breeds a really great horse.

A Hunting Sensation: The Duke of Westminster Resigns his Mastership

The news that the Duke of Westminster is resigning the Mastership of the Cheshire Hunt came as a sudden and unwelcome surprise to the followers of his hounds. "Who is to succeed him?" is the question of the hour

The Literary Log

Rolled by Robert Ross

The Boy of Boy-Books

Why are books about school-life dull? Things certainly happen at school; the canvas is almost too crowded. From the material at your disposal you could carve two or three Greek tragedies, but I fear they would be unsuitable for the English stage. Yet when the great novelists have touched on school-life .... how superbly it has been done; by Thackeray, for instance; and by Dickens, at least in *David Copperfield*, for Dotheboy's Hall must be counted caricature. But of great books entirely devoted to school-life, how many are there, putting aside those written simply for boys, such as *Eric, or Little by Little*? *The Hill* was said by Harrovians to be a photographic document, and admirers who came from other schools professed to find the illusion perfect. I could not stand the hero; some of the figures seemed to me ancient Esaus with youthful Jacob voices—notably the villain. He might have come from *Eric* or *Tom Brown*. Experience and memory, if our memory is honest, tells us that these villains of boy-book life are the average in the real thing. You do not necessarily become a forger because you refused to play cricket and smoked in the upper fifth. Loafers at school do not die of drink. They are apt to become poets (Shelley was an example), and to invent flying-machines, in which case they will be able to look down on their virtuous contemporaries still playing cricket on the M.C.C. ground. *The Human Boy*, by Eden Phillpotts, is for me the real masterpiece among serious books on this subject, and *Vice Versâ*, but for its fantastic leading motive, with its realism, such as Tolstoi alone has equalled, is the masterpiece of comedy. Then we must not forget the first half of *Jasper Tristram*; and there, I fear, my list comes to an end. One of the reasons for so exiguous a catalogue is that writers are afraid to reproduce the Rabelaisian element of schoolboy talk which Mr. Arthur Benson has frankly admitted to be characteristic of their peripatetic conversaziones.

"Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill"

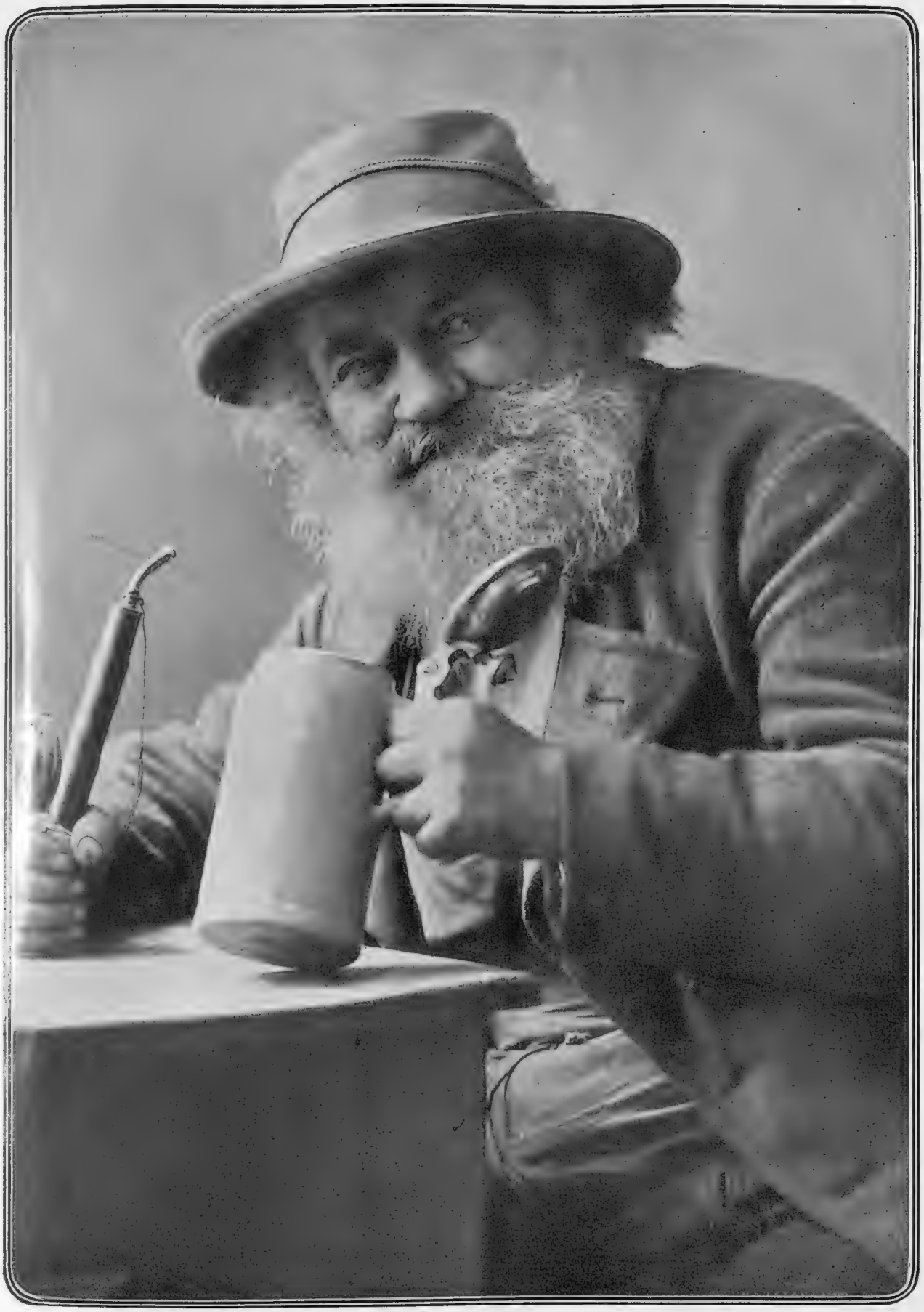
When I found that *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill* (Mills and Boon: 6*s*.) was about school-life I began to yawn. Then I remembered the extraordinary promise of the same author's *Wooden Horse*—a promise scarcely fulfilled in *Maradick*, for all its good points. So I decided to accompany Mr. Perrin a little further. When I found the book was about schoolmasters and not boys, I began to regret my resolution. I was particularly fond of all my schoolmasters, and sustained more than one cruel and unfounded charge of "sucking up," as it used to be called. For if the boy of boys' books is an unreal abstraction, the schoolmasters have about the same relation to actuality as the demons of a pantomime, always excepting Mr. Anstey's. But Mr. Hugh Walpole, in serious vein, has at last made the monster live. Vincent Perrin is a masterly (not a schoolmasterly) psychological study, an astonishing piece of observation, or a brilliant invention. Which is it? I do not know; perhaps a little of both. The tragedy of the story, or, rather, let me say, of the character, is almost terrible. I must chide Mr. Walpole for succumbing to a certain English optimism which is fatal in art. He spoils one of the grimmest murders ever imagined by a foolish rescue of that irritating Mr. Traill, the "good young man with lovable faults," who appears in Mr. Walpole's other two books. I was hoping this was the last of him. But Perrin: there are Perrins, I am sure, in every large Public School, and even in private ones. You won't be able to read about him without getting a little lump in your throat. And the other masters, the Head, Birkland White, they are, I was going to say, in perfect condition (my metaphor being drawn from pictures), but let me say living portraits—all except Traill. I wonder how the public will take this book? Mrs. Comber is, of course, a delightful creation, and gives the requisite relief to the sombre, dreary setting; but she was obviously intended to have more share in the plot, till Mr. Walpole changed his mind. I wonder why the book is dedicated to Mr. Owen Seaman under the name of the paper of which he is the esteemed editor; and I wonder why Mr. Seaman and Mr. Walpole ordered tea at a provincial French inn (*vide* dedication). It is rather like ordering black coffee at a London railway station. Mr. Walpole says there are a thousand and one reasons for the dedication. I would like to hear at least one for the tea.

"The Passionate Elopement"

I cannot pay a greater compliment to Mr. Compton Mackenzie than I heard the other night from someone who had just finished reading his novel, *The Passionate Elopement* (Martin Secker: 6*s*.). "That is the kind of novel Austin Dobson would have written, or ought to have written, if he had ever taken to fiction." Novels which reconstruct a past period are not always written with more than a very superficial knowledge of the *decor* and appointments of the age. Mr. Compton Mackenzie shows, without any pedantry, a very wide knowledge of eighteenth-century side-issues—its furniture, its costume, and those other appurtenances which go to make up atmosphere. You do not feel that he has called in Mr. Percy Macquoid to check the Chippendale and scrutinise the Sheraton. The author has also

Does the German "Hans" Still Exist?

PHOTOGRAPHIC SETTLEMENT OF A LONG-ENDURED DOUBT



HERR HUGO HILDEBRANDT

Surely the beau-ideal of the German "Hans" as we imagine but never see him. The publication of this photograph will give a fillip to the simple faith of many people. He is Germany's most famous model, and has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday by retiring from a profession in which he was famous to many generations of art students in the Bavarian capital. Herr Hildebrandt received regular retaining fees from many quarters, and his charges to strangers were much heavier than those of the ordinary model. He is reported to have put by 300,000 marks, which (apart from any question of interest or investment) will permit him to spend £1,500 a year on pleasure until he reaches one hundred

developed a style—still more unusual with novelists—a style that is not Wardour Street; and, more important than all, he has a charming story to tell. The *frou-frou* of an eighteenth-century watering-place is always a sure draw with the public, so there is little doubt that *The Passionate Elopement* is going to be one of the successes of the season. Friends will probably elope with the book if you are not careful. Sell your copy while you can; don't let it be borrowed. It will never stay long on your shelves. I must not sail under false colours. While congratulating Mr. Compton Mackenzie not only on his "arrival" in the ranks of novelists, but in the more important rank of Literature, I want to confess that I hate books or plays about Beaux and Belles and Pump-Rooms. Austin Dobson seems to me to give you all that is wanted; he just lifts the lid and you get the requisite whiff of rose-leaves. More than that I find cloying. But Mr. Compton Mackenzie (who, by the way, is the son of the distinguished actor, Mr. Edward Compton) will not, I hope, always dally in the artifice of escaped conventions; the sturdy feeling for romance and his style (when unstained with Meredithese) will surely be brought to good account for some story and manners of our own time. That is more difficult, but it is usually better art.

"Regeneration"

I suppose it is perversity, but I like books written and things done by people whom one associates with other kinds of books and other things. I chafed in the nineteenth century, which was an age of spurious specialism, when critics solemnly told us that an artist must not write poems and that poets must not be politicians, and that novels must not have morals, though novelists must. There is still a good deal of this attitude in painters, who solemnly tell us that no one but painters must discuss pictures. It is rather like saying that no one must pray except priests. I sympathised with the late Mr. Robert Browning when he expressed in his poem a prediliction for seeing the angel which Dante painted and for reading the sonnets of Raphael. [This is a catch; don't write and express surprise that I should mix up Raphael with Michael Angelo.] Mr. Rider Haggard, I am glad to say, has always been a politician, not, alas! on my side, and he has written vigorously, fearlessly, and learnedly on all sorts of subjects besides fiction. *Regeneration* (Longmans: 2*s.* 6*d.*) is not, as I hoped, another trouncing of that unspeakable quack, Max Nordau, but an eloquent examination of the social work of the Salvation Army. That does not sound exciting. But no one with a spark of humanity will be able to resist finishing the book once it has been taken up. I must plead guilty to having spoken sneeringly of the Army and its work. "Contempt prior to examination is an intellectual vice from which the greatest minds are seldom free," says Paley. I was converted by Mr. Shaw's *Major Barbara* and by an etching of Mr. William Strang. I see now that what I resented (and still resent), the noise, vulgarity, and emotionalism of the Army methods, are the only means of reaching the submerged. These are just as necessary as the tawdry decorations and emotional little offices of my own church, particularly in Latin countries. I believe if General Booth would adapt his Protestantism, even more than he has done, to the needs of certain countries, he would run a much better chance of union with Rome than even the Anglican Establishment. If The Bystander is taken in at the Vatican I suppose I shall now be summoned, like Prince Max of Saxony, to make my submission. If expenses are paid I will come and retract. But do not fail to read Mr. Haggard's book. I have sent a copy to one of the Cardinals.

Robert Ross.

From the Niger to the Nile

Dr. Kumm's volume, *From Hausaland to Egypt* (Constable: 16*s.*), is one of the most fascinating travel books of our time. The indomitable pluck of the learned Doctor in crossing Africa, from the Niger to the Nile, was rewarded by experiences which have enabled him to issue a very remarkable book, which is not very far from marking an epoch in African exploration. It is splendidly got-up, the colour-plates of butterflies being particularly beautiful. Some of the most noteworthy information is to be found in the appendices. Everyone experiences the desire for exploration, and Dr. Kumm's tabulated outfit (with prices) will be gloated over by many. We note that he took a plum-pudding with him across Africa! And a few story-books, for which he did not pay more than 6*d.* each, are included in the outfit.

Photograph *Sport and General.*

Making Merry on the Ice at Bourne End

During last week's brief spell of wintry weather skaters were able to indulge in the fascinating pastime in several districts, particularly in the Thames Valley, where the thermometer registered as many as fourteen degrees of frost

BUCHANAN'S

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The Past Shooting Season

Reviewing the results of the shooting season, which closed last week, excepting for wild-fowl and "fur," one feels that the verdict must be rather a mixed one. It will be pleasurably remembered for the excellent sport it gave with grouse; it will also be passed as "good" by covert shooters, for there was nothing seriously to interfere with the rearing of the pheasants, and the weather was favourable for the most part. When we come to the partridges, however, we have one of the most disappointing tales that ever was told in the gun-room. Briefly, it was a supremely wretched time for the little brown bird, probably the worst known for thirty years. As a fact, few recent seasons have been really good for partridges, and many sportsmen are now anxiously considering what can be done to increase the supply of these birds throughout the country. One radical suggestion is that the shooting of partridges should be "closed" altogether for one or two seasons. Another proposal is that shooting should not begin until a month later than the prescribed time for starting, viz., the first day of September, this postponement continuing every season until the stock of the country has satisfactorily improved.

Photograph *Sport and General*

Mr. C. G. Assheton-Smith's Jerry M.

Probably the finest "chaser" in the country, and selected by CARBINE as the possible winner of the Grand National

New Cottesmore Leaders

It is good to know that the trouble in the Cottesmore Hunt has been settled for the time being, though I am afraid the memory of the recent unpleasantness between the M.F.H. and the Committee will not readily be effaced. However, we must look to the future to provide a more agreeable atmosphere in this famous Hunt than has lately existed. Two of the best-known followers of the pack, Major-General J. F. Brocklehurst and Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson, have been chosen to take charge of affairs. The former will be Master in succession to Lord Lonsdale, while Mr. Richardson, who has a great knowledge of hunting details and is very popular with all, will act as Field Master. Neither of them is a young man, General Brocklehurst being fifty-nine, and his coadjutor a few years older. But they are both wonderfully good across country, and they take their own line as boldly as the most dashing young thruster in the Hunt could do. Indeed, I question whether there is a grander horseman riding across country than Mr. Richardson. Many years ago he won the Grand National twice, and he has never lost his brilliant form in the saddle. Provided they receive the loyal support from the followers of the pack to which they are entitled, the new leaders of the Cottesmore should maintain the best traditions of the Hunt.

RACING NOTIONS. By Carbine

Getting Ready for the Flat

Last week's frost, though very annoying to the Sandown members, served to remind us that we have not been badly treated this winter. The "cold snaps" have done much less than usual to interfere with racing, comparatively few days having been lost. Nevertheless, trainers will welcome the return of the mild weather, for all is busy preparation for the opening of the flat-racing season on March 20. Every gallop is valuable just now. Similarly, those who are responsible for the training of Grand National candidates are devoutly hopeful that no more frost will interfere with their work.

Antepost Betting

Every year the practice of antepost betting is substantially decreasing, and, on the whole, I think it is a good thing for the average punter. For every man who gets an advantage in price by making his bet many days, or perhaps weeks, before the date of the race, there are a dozen who burn their fingers. There is a certain fascination about antepost betting, but backers and bookies alike seem to agree that there is a great element of risk about it, and I think in course of time it will become practically non-existent. The acceptances for the spring handicaps are satisfactory. Dalnacrag, my preliminary selection for the Lincoln, holds his ground, as do Mr. Assheton-Smith's crack jumpers in the Grand National. **Dalnacrag** and **Jerry M.** strike me as representing a likely double. Regarding this week's meeting, **Eaton Lad** may win the Throckmorton Hurdle Handicap at Gatwick on Thursday, and **Bridge IV.** the Stewards' Steeplechase. At Haydock Park on the following day **Shebeen** is my selection for the February Hurdle Handicap, while **Jeanne La Folle** should score in the amateur riders' race at Lingfield on Saturday.

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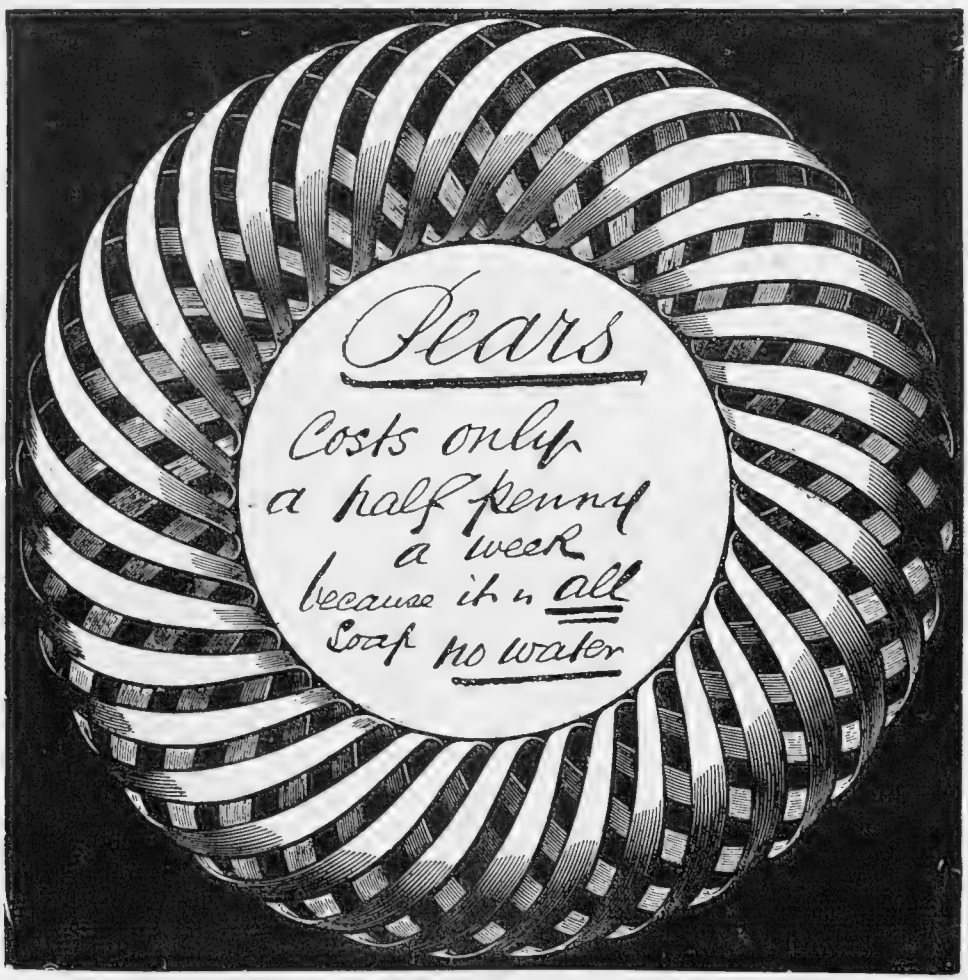

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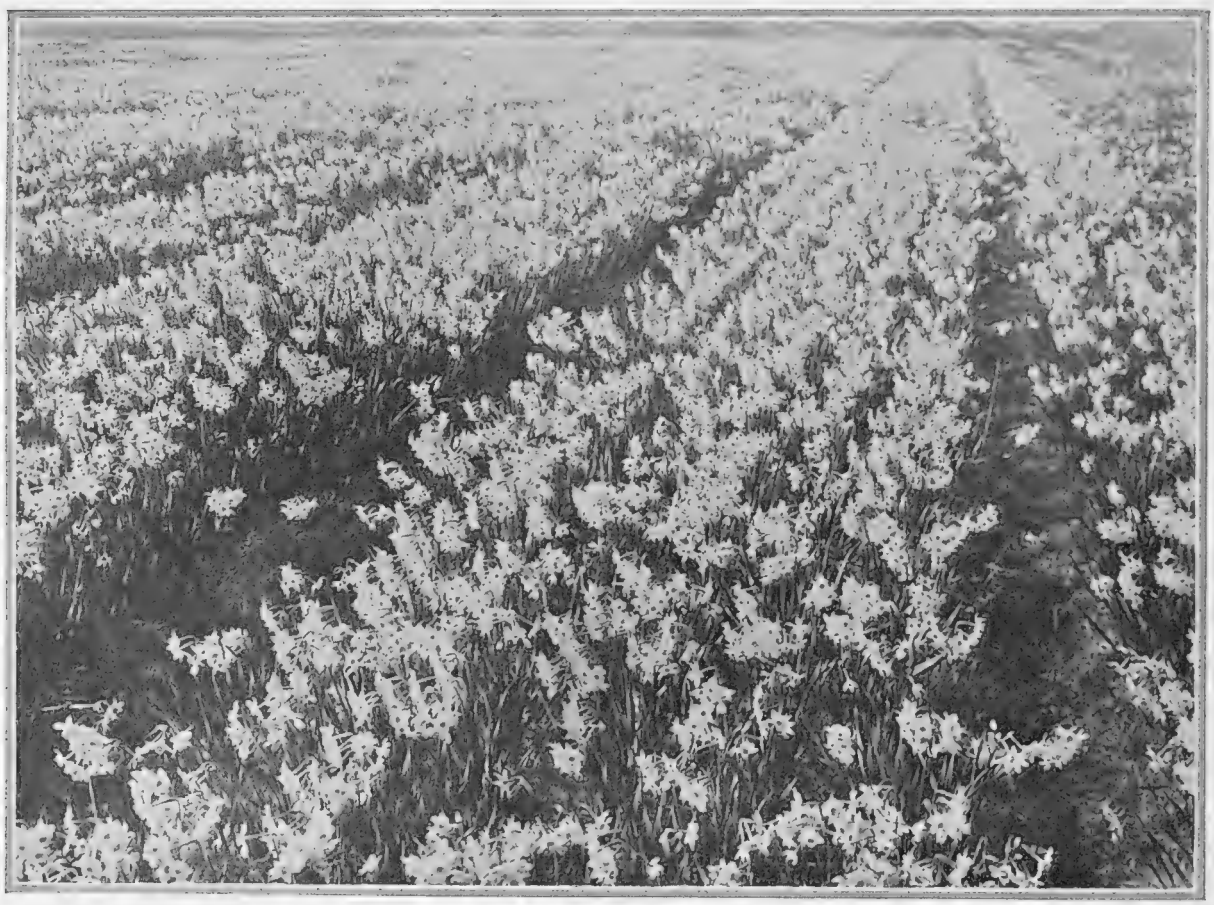
Early Flowers in the Open Ground

Though the cold may strengthen for a time as the days lengthen, work in the garden, except during hard frost, increases rapidly, and what with rolling the lawn, digging, planting, pruning, and under glass propagating bedding and other plants there is plenty to do. Among the plants which may go into the ground outside are ranunculuses. The family has had its vicissitudes. Once so popular that one or more beds of it formed a feature of every garden, it afterwards fell into neglect, but of late years has been creeping into favour. Individually the flowers are certainly rather stiff, but when seen in the mass they are very effective, the colouring is so fine. There are several different classes, Persian, French, and turban, the last being the largest and also the earliest to flower. As the Persian and French do not, as a rule, flower before June, it is better not to put them in a position likely to be wanted for summer bedding. Ranunculuses are fairly hardy; they are not injured by a moderately low temperature, but they cannot withstand damp. It is for this reason that they are generally lifted when the leaves wither, and stored away for the winter. For the same reason, when they are planted it should be in soil which is light, dry, and well drained. In heavy land, especially if it is poor, they are not worth growing. But in soil that suits them, with plenty of sand and the crumbling material of a spent hot-bed, they flower magnificently.

Beds of Ranunculuses

The majority of the plants flowering in the open ground at this season are bulbous. Among them are winter aconites, snowdrops, chionodoxas, Scilla sibirica, and perhaps a few early crocuses. They are all sufficiently hardy to need no protection, and though snow may make the flowers look rather draggled for a time, they recover wonderfully when the thaw comes. Winter aconites, when massed, are very bright while they are in flower, but they form such a dense carpet of leaves that only strong plants of other kinds have a chance among them. They should, therefore, be kept to the shrubbery. Snowdrops are very capricious. In some gardens they multiply amazingly, while from others they soon disappear. The cause of the disappearance is obscure, but as bulbs hollowed out by insects are not uncommon, this may have something to do with it.

H. C. Davidson.



Daffodils for Covent Garden

An enormous area in the Scilly Islands is devoted to the cultivation of these beautiful flowers

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A CROWN FOR EVERY BRITISH SUBJECT FREE

Mr. Edwards' first step in this great Coronation Offer is to send free supplies of his famous "Harlene Hair Drill" Outfits to every person who desires this crowning glory, a luxuriant, healthy head of hair.

There is also a most interesting £500 Prize Competition.

There is presented to every man and woman this great Coronation year the means of obtaining without cost a personal "crown" that will prove a lasting pride. The "crown" offered is that of a luxuriant, free-growing head of hair, and that irrespective of its present condition.

Mr. Edwards, of "Harlene Hair-Drill" fame, has decided to mark this auspicious year by presenting to all a triple gift which will enable them to commence a pleasant, common-sense method of eradicating hair troubles and of cultivating strong, healthy, fine-looking hair.

"Hair-Drill" should be commenced at the very earliest age. It strengthens the hair-roots and avoids such troubles as scurf, etc.

The "Harlene Hair-Drill" Triple Gift is:—

1. A seven days' supply of the splendid hair specific and tonic "Harlene."
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3. An extremely interesting book describing "Hair-Drill" method of growing hair.

This triple gift will be sent you free in order that you may at once commence without expense to yourself a seven days' free trial of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

To secure this "Harlene Hair-Drill" Triple Gift please send your name and address on the coupon below, together with 3*d.* in stamps to cover cost of postage. Should you need larger supplies of "Harlene" this may be obtained of all chemists in bottles at 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 4*s.* 6*d.*

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Hair that looks well—and is well—gives added smartness to the appearance. "Harlene Hair-Drill" assures this to every man.

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1st Grand Prize.—£25 in Cash to the little Girl with the best head of hair.

1st Grand Prize.—£25 in Cash to the Boy with the best head of hair.

The remainder of the Cash Prizes will be awarded as follows:—

Ladies' Section.—2nd Prize of **£25**, and 20 Prizes of **£1** each; 200 Consolation Prizes of **10s.** each.

Gentlemen's Section.—2nd Prize of **£25**, and 20 Prizes of **£1** each; 200 Consolation Prizes of **10s.** each.

Children's Section.—2nd Prize of **£10** each to Boy and Girl, also 10 Prizes of **£1** each for Girls, and 10 Prizes of **£1** for Boys, also 20 Consolation Prizes of **10s.** to Girls, and 20 of **10s.** each to Boys.

THE SIMPLE CONDITIONS OF ENTRY.

1st. Each person entering the competition must send to The Edwards' Harlene Co. a photograph in which a good view of the hair is clearly given. This photograph will be judged by a Committee.

2nd. It is necessary that each competitor shall be a user of "Harlene," and therefore shall send a wrapper from any bottle of "Harlene" which has been used by the competitor, whether a 1s., 2s. 6d., or 4s. 6d. bottle. Wrappers from Sample Outfits will not be accepted.

3rd. It is an absolute condition of entry that the decision of the committee is taken as final, from which there is no appeal.

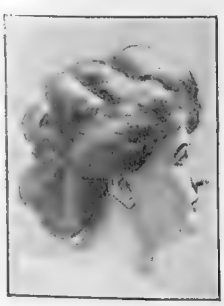
4th. All photographs must reach the Edwards' Harlene Co. not later than June 21st, 1911, the day before the Coronation, and must bear the name and address of the sender, together with any particulars that may assist the Judging Committee in arriving at a decision, written distinctly on a slip pasted at the back of the photograph. Photographs may be sent any time from now, but in any case not later than June 21st, 1911.

5th. This competition is open to the Colonies as well as those in the British Isles.

6th. No responsibility can be recognised for the delay, loss, or return of photographs sent in for competition.

7th. The announcement of the result will be published in *The Daily Mail*, *The Daily Express*, and *The Daily Chronicle* on July 13th, and the distribution of prizes will take place on that date.

In the keen competition of to-day it is necessary for a man of business to keep his youthful, clean-cut appearance, and here the matter of hair is of great importance.



It is in the prime of life that the hair needs most attention, for it is then that it is most liable to fall out if the scalp is neglected.

There is no reason why age should necessitate baldness. Men who adopt the "Harlene" Method in advanced years keep plentiful, healthy heads of hair.

FREE TRIAL OUTFIT COUPON.

This Coupon entitles its Holder to a Free Outfit for Increasing the Beauty and Growth of the Hair.

To THE EDWARDS' HARLENE CO., 95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Kindly send me one of the Toilet Outfits as per your offer in above article. I enclose 3*d.* in stamps to cover the postal charges to any part of the world.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

The Bystander, FEB. 8, 1911 .....

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

The Prince Henry— The conditions governing the Prince Henry Tour are now public. They make a formidable, if somewhat uninspiring, document. For a semi-trade contest from which the entrant stood to gain advertisement for himself, or his machine, or both, they might serve excellently; but for an international touring amble for private owners whose cars must travel *incognito* they seem rather elaborate. However, the mere fact that this is in the nature of a pleasure tour disarms criticism at the outset. If the regulations were as long as the Greek kalends, as dull as a legal document, and as preposterous as such documents can sometimes be, it would concern nobody except the entrants. Because this is no more than a sporting match between fifty members of the R.A.C. and fifty members of the K.A.C. (Kaiserlicher Automobil Club). For three days, starting on July 5 from Homburg, and running through Cologne and Münster to Bremerhaven, the tour is on German territory. The whole *caravanserai* is then transhipped to Southampton, and for eight days of actual running covers Great Britain, or that portion of it which lies between Southampton and Edinburgh, and Newcastle and Shrewsbury. The object is primarily pleasure; secondarily in test of touring efficiency; thirdly in competition for the Prince Henry Cup; and fourthly in commemoration of the Coronation of King George. The cars are run under observation, the observers being selected from officers of the German and British armies and navies. The entrance fee is 40 gns. The cars must be fitted with four-cycle explosion engines of four or six cylinders having (as to the "fours") a minimum bore of 80mm. and a maximum bore of 140mm., or in the case of the "sixes" 65mm. to 115mm., with a maximum stroke of 165mm. for both. Steam cars of equivalent power are also eligible. Touring trim for body and accessories (including overhead protection) is an essential. Last date for entries, April 15. A dinner at the R.A.C. new premises in Pall Mall will conclude the programme.

Set in a Wintry Scene
One of the 35-45 h.-p. live-axle Maudslay cars undergoing its testing trials near Burford Bridge

—And a Few Considerations That, I imagine, is all the information which need be set down here. The idea in three of its four aspects is quite good. The effect of the friendly bout (to the extent that it has any effect) must be quite good also. But as a test of touring efficiency the competition is neither here nor there. It may demonstrate that the owner of car A has a better machine than the owner of car B—other things being equal. "Other things," however, in an event of this sort, *cannot* be equal. Cars in private service are not equally maintained nor equally driven. The best driver may get through with the worst car. The car maintained in the best condition may not be the best car. If vehicle A gets through with more luck than vehicle B it may mean, and most likely will mean, nothing. If A breaks down fifty times on the journey, it would not necessarily reflect upon that make of car. In the circumstances, therefore, the Committee is doing the wise thing in officially withholding the names and makes of the cars concerned. At the same time, it cannot prevent those names becoming known. It will be desirable, therefore, to remember, after the event, that in apportioning praise to the vehicles which made non-stop or creditable runs (we may do that in all fairness), no essential reflection upon the vehicle that "got there second" is implied. Given climatic decency and the tour should realise its principal justification—pleasure. If it had been utilised to express British automobile efficiency it might have served a more directly useful purpose. However, that is, as I say, the business of nobody outside the two clubs which have reduced Prince Henry's ideas upon the subject to practical form.

To keep "fit" try a

MUSTARD BATH

A hot bath to which is added a couple of tablespoonfuls or so of
COLMAN'S MUSTARD

S.H.B.

One Model only.

15 h.p. (4 cyls).

STRAKER-SQUIRE

"Quite one of the best Cars of its power now before the Public."—*Motor World.*

STRAKER-SQUIRE (Pleasure Car Department),

5, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.

Why is "SHELL" worth more than any other brand?

The answer is worth noting.

Because: Produced from only one oil-field, its uniform quality and perfect purity are preserved. In all branches of motoring no other brand has given such good results — economical and efficient.

See that every can is sealed.

It invariably gives more miles to the gallon than any other.

Extremes of heat and cold, dense or rarefied atmosphere, have no effect on it.

It is used by the foremost exponents of motoring and aviation owing to its exceptional "vitality."

"SHELL" IS OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

SPRING and SUNSHINE

MONTE CARLO

Health and Pleasure Resort of Cosmopolitan Rank and Fashion.

International Sporting Club, open, without subscription, to members of leading clubs.

Magnificent Casino, with private Subscription Rooms.

Operas, varied by Operettes, Light Comedy, interpreted by the best European Artists, alternate with those Classic and Modern Concerts which have given the well-chosen Orchestra a world-wide reputation.

Annual Exhibition of Painting and Statuary.

Hydropathic Establishment, Electric and Medicated Baths, Zander Institute Massage, Hot and Cold Baths.

NEW GOLF LINKS, full course of 18 holes, Club-house.

Pigeon-Shooting, Steeplechasing, Flat Racing, Motor-Boat Exhibition and Regattas, Motor-Car Parades with Prizes, Carnival and Public Fetes, Battles of Flowers, Regattas, Aviation, Lawn Tennis, Venetian Fetes, Fireworks, &c.

The Terrace at Monte Carlo.

The Scottish Show

The Edinburgh Show, which closed down on Saturday last after a quite successful eight-day effort, had little of novelty to offer. It was Olympia in miniature—a pocket edition of the exhibition with which we grew more or less familiar at Addison Road. It was largely a tribute to the tenacity of the trader of Scotland who cried loudly for a show of his own and refused to be comforted until he got it. The Irishman, who has, at any rate, the stronger geographical claim, with characteristic indifference, or lack of combined purpose, refused to demonstrate — and lost his Balls Bridge exhibition. To do him justice, he is not weeping about it, and, as the Scotsman is content, everything would seem to be quite nicely for the best in the best of possible worlds. Scotland, of course, has a considerable native motor industry whereon to plume itself; but as the output of that industry is prominently placed in the show purlieus of the Sassenach, it leaves me with little to say that will not duplicate the remarks made upon Olympia. From that little I will here extract a word of congratulation to the organisation behind the show upon securing an excellently representative collection of the products of the motor and accessory industry, and of enlisting for that collection so satisfactory a measure of support.

Photograph] **By Sea or Sky** [*Cribb*

Like a certain celebrated soap, this aeroplane floats on water—or is so designed. The illustration shows steering wheel, engine control, and two of the wing hydroplanes. The floats upon which it rests are an important part of the craft. As a motor-boat and an aeroplane combined it should make some interesting journeys

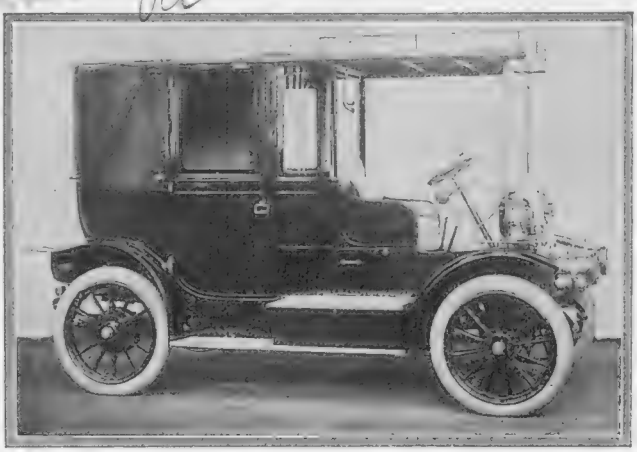
In Compression

Judging by the illustrations in the quite effectively produced brochure which Messrs. Humber, Ltd., have been good enough to send me, it would appear that this well-known British car has found its way into favour as well as use (not always the same thing) in most of the countries of the civilised globe, not to speak of those which have not yet achieved that distinction. In Canada, and Egypt, and Java; South Africa, South America, the Crimea, Roumania, Germany, Austria, and any number of other places near and remote, Humbers have, in the pet terminology of our alleged cousins in the States, "made good." The explanation is to be found by anybody with the seeing eye in the specifications of the various models upon which Humbers are concentrating during the current year. It should be an instruction to the motorist who would have particulars of some of the best we can do in automobile construction to include this brochure in his motoring library. Humbers, Ltd., Coventry, will be sufficient address.

A note from Messrs. Pirelli, Ltd., enables me to amplify the particulars of their free insurance scheme to which I made recent reference. In addition to the notable advantages already set out, motorists who are using tyres other than Pirelli, or who use Pirelli tyres bought before January 1, can still obtain a free insurance if in the meanwhile they take out the "Desirable" policy of the London and Manchester Life and General Assurance Association, Ltd. When the four Pirelli tyres have been purchased the free policy will be issued and a proportionate rebate made. Further, the fact that motorists are unable to obtain Pirelli tyres to replace the one or two damaged by accident, and are forced to continue their tour on some other make of tyre, will not affect their free insurance policy.

Associated with the late Hon. C. S. Rolls for some years, and more latterly with Itala Automobiles, Ltd., Mr. Norris has now combined with Mr. Nias to form the firm of Norris and Nias, Ltd., with offices at 53a, Pall Mall. The Company is prepared to negotiate for a first-class car agency, or new and sound accessories.

The programme for the Brooklands season tentatively arranged opens on Saturday, March 25, and, with six other dates between, closes with a mid-week meeting on October 4. A large number of competitions for aviators are projected, flying time commencing at 2 p.m. on each of the racing days and continuing until sundown. More detailed particulars later.



The Austin About Town

A short wheel-base vehicle in much favour for town work. The body design provides commodious seating, and the restricted length permits of the car being turned in a 24ft. thoroughfare without reversing

On the motion of Mr. Sidney A'Court, a life membership in the new A.A.-M.U. has been voted to Mr. Charles Jarrott in recognition of his work as pioneer of the A.A. and since—not omitting special mention of his earnest efforts towards the fusion of the two bodies now happily united. A graceful and well-merited tribute to a man of character—a strong personality and a good sportsman in the best sense of that much-abused term.

At the Aero Club dinner, M. Wolff, the Managing Director of the Michelin Tyre Co., Ltd., announced that Mr. Michelin had decided to create a second Michelin Cup Competition on somewhat different lines from the first. The course will consist of a minimum circuit of 125 miles for the first year. The aviators will have to circle the steeple of the principal church of each of the towns on the circuit and return to the starting-point. The winner will be the one who, before sunset of October 15, shall have completed this circuit in the shortest time without landing. Only British aviators, on entirely British machines, will be allowed to compete.

The Bystander, February 8, 1911

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 375.—Vol. XXIX. Wednesday, February 8, 1911 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: ESTATE AGENTS

HAMPTON & SONS AUCTIONEERS

37 GERRARD VALUERS

EXTREMELY BEAUTIFUL RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF NEARLY 45 ACRES.

Exquisitely positioned on Southern slope of a hill.

MAGNIFICENT VIEWS

embracing Knockholt Beeches, Elmstead Woods, and the Surrey Hills.

A DRIVE SOUTH OF TOWN.—For SALE, *one of the best-known examples of modern Elizabethan architecture, substantially built and elaborately fitted and finished absolutely regardless of cost.* 500ft. above sea, in perfectly secluded and countrified position. Sand and gravel soil; due South aspect. Approached from a pretty rustic lodge by a long winding carriage drive through finely timbered grounds, the RESIDENCE contains: *lofty and well-proportioned hall, 3 handsome reception rooms, billiard room, picture gallery, 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and ample offices.* Excellent detached stabling for 5, with groom's rooms over; coachman's house; farm-buildings, gardener's cottage. Artistically displayed grounds. 3 terraced lawns for tennis, croquet, and bowls, grass promenades, high brick wall in Elizabethan style, protecting one of the terraces, 2 recessed alcoves forming summer-houses, kitchen garden, glasshouses, grandly timbered, undulating park-like lands, and 22½ acres of ornamental woodlands, in all about 45 acres. *Gas and Company's water. Hot-water heating. Telephone. Close to golf course.* Would be Let.—Details of Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street. S.W. (K 10,713)

28 MINUTES FROM TOWN. 300FT. HIGH.

BUCKS (close to the celebrated Chalfonts, Burnham Beeches, etc.; near EXTENSIVE COMMON, and under 10 minutes from station).—Picturesque RESIDENCE, in Early English style, with oak timbering and floors, leaded lights and rafters ceilings; fitted with all modern requirements, including heating apparatus and electric light. Approached through beautiful Dutch garden. Staircase hall, BILLIARD or LOUNGE HALL with handsome fireplace (all paved with BLACK AND WHITE MARBLE), excellent dining and drawing rooms, study and complete offices, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc. Gas fires, radiators; Co.'s water. Gravel soil. Electric light. Large heated garage adjoining. Greenhouse, pergola walks, bowling green, herbaceous walk with summer-house, kitchen garden, etc. The whole in perfect order. Freehold for SALE. Handy for golf. Strongly recommended from personal knowledge.—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W. (B 21,463)

SOMERSETSHIRE.

ONE OF THE MOST FAVOURITE PARTS.

ONLY £1,600, FREEHOLD, is asked for this charming RESIDENCE, delightfully placed, under 1 mile from station and town. 3 reception rooms (one 28ft. by 18ft.), 6 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), usual offices. Company's water. Main drainage.

PICTURESQUE OLD GROUNDS,

with gardener's cottage, in all about 1½ acres.—Full particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.; and NEW YORK.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

SUSSEX. In a pretty and healthy part.

£2,500 WILL PURCHASE the above picturesque old-fashioned black and white FARMHOUSE, full of old oak beams and rafters, and standing in grounds of about

40 ACRES.

2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, 3 attics; pretty garden and orchard; stabling for 6; cowsheds for 14; granary, etc.; the land is divided into about 20 acres of pasture and 20 acres of arable. Land Tax redeemed. —Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,948)

45 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS.—To be SOLD, the above historical RESIDENCE, undoubtedly ONE OF THE FINEST SPECIMENS OF DOMESTIC TUDOR ARCHITECTURE in the country. The House contains: panelled hall and reception rooms, billiard room, 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; excellent stabling and garage; men's rooms, 2 cottages, etc.; old-world grounds, ornamental water and meadows, in all about

16 ACRES.

—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

AN ANCIENT MANOR HOUSE, DATED 1648.
TO BE SOLD WITH ABOUT 21 ACRES.

THE ABOVE FINE OLD HOUSE is described in Lyson's "History of Berkshire," and possesses considerable historical interest. It occupies a beautiful situation, conveniently near a well-known BERKSHIRE MARKET TOWN, and stands high up, with views extending to about 20 to 30 miles. The accommodation comprises: lounge hall, 5 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, and ample offices. The hall is panelled, and there are many interesting features, including recessed fireplace and inglenook in the dining room; the stabling comprises 2 stalls, 2 loose boxes, coach-house, etc.; the pleasure grounds contain some magnificent old timber, and include tennis and croquet lawns, flower gardens and shrubbery, fruit and vegetable gardens and parkland, in all about 21 acres; 2 cottages and farmery, etc.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,698)

CORNWALL. WITHIN A DRIVE OF TAVISTOCK.
WITH GROUNDS OF 10 ACRES OR UP TO 230 ACRES.

TO BE SOLD, the above substantial RESIDENCE, delightfully situated amongst some of the most beautiful scenery in the South-West of England. It stands in well-timbered grounds of 8 to 10 acres and extensive parklands, etc.; in all 230 acres. The accommodation comprises: large hall and vestibule, 3 reception rooms, about 17 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; good fishing included, and salmon fishing within easy reach; farmery and cottages, etc.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

IN A FAVOURITE PART OF SURREY.
OCCUPYING A DELIGHTFUL SITUATION, 400FT. HIGH,
ON SAND SOIL.

TO BE SOLD, the above fine old COUNTRY HOUSE, part of which is very ancient. It stands in grounds and small park of 36 acres, perfectly secluded, and contains: fine oak-panelled hall, dining room also panelled in oak, 3 other reception rooms, wide covered verandah commanding lovely views, 15 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, etc.; stabling for 4, 2 coach-houses, garage, etc. The pleasure grounds are in first-rate order. There are old lawns, Italian garden, terrace, and loggia, etc.; the remainder is all pasture-land with model farmery, etc.; Company's water; sand soil.—Illustrated particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W. (4,691)

SURREY HILLS, 45 MINUTES FROM TOWN.
STATION ½ MILE.

TO BE SOLD, Freehold, the above exceptionally well-built and planned RESIDENCE, standing in gardens and grounds of about 25 acres. Accommodation: lounge hall, 15 bedrooms, day and night nurseries, 5 reception rooms, 2 dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; gas and water laid on; stabling and garage; farmery; cottages; delightful pleasure grounds, woodland, tennis court, rose and rock gardens, etc.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

12 MILES FROM LONDON (near excellent golf course).—To be SOLD, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, occupying an entirely secluded position in matured grounds of nearly 5 ACRES. It contains: 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light; main drainage; Company's water; stabling for 2; beautiful gardens, tennis court, vinery, forcing-house, and meadow-land. Very moderate price.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (3,938)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.; and NEW YORK.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10. MOUNT STREET. GROSVENOR SQUARE. LONDON. W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

BETWEEN LONDON AND BRIGHTON.

Probably the most attractive moderate-sized Estate on the market.

THE ROCKHURST ESTATE,

Formerly the Property of the late Sir Richard Farrant,

IS NOW FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY by order of his Trustees.

IT COVERS A MOST COMPACT AREA OF ABOUT 290 ACRES,

and excels not merely in one attribute, but in many, the combination of which commends the Estate to the notice of intending buyers. It is within easy motoring distance of London and Brighton, lies in the most charming part of the County of Sussex, occupies a delightful position, bounded by the main Brighton road, and possesses a good moderate-sized RESIDENCE, standing 520ft. above sea level, with a complete installation of electric light, and surrounded by BEAUTIFUL GARDENS AND PLEASURE GROUNDS.

The House (see view above) is well sheltered from the North and East, and commands magnificent South and South-West views extending to the South Downs. There is a good supply of excellent soft water. The extent of the Property is singularly convenient, provides an admirable home farm, and includes a good area of delightful woods and thriving plantations. The Estate is equipped with every necessary building, and has some of the best cottages in the county, the whole being in first-class order.

THE PROPERTY INCLUDES A UNIQUE AND REMARKABLE RANGE OF ROCKS SITUATED AMIDST CHARMING WOODLANDS, AND CONSTITUTING A FEATURE OF EXTRAORDINARY NATURAL BEAUTY. THESE ROCKS HAVE LONG BEEN THE WONDER AND STUDY OF ARCHÆOLOGISTS, AND AFFORD A SERIES OF WALKS OF A MOST INTERESTING AND ROMANTIC CHARACTER. Early possession.

—Particulars of KING and CHASEMORE, Horsham; or WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

IN A FAVOURITE RESIDENTIAL PART OF HERTFORDSHIRE, 40 minutes' motor ride from London.—To be SOLD, a Freehold RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, comprising an area

OF ABOUT 36 ACRES,

and including a moderate-sized Residence, approached by a carriage drive with lodge entrance. The accommodation comprises: 4 reception rooms, BILLIARD ROOM, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 baths, and offices; there is stabling and 2 coach-houses; the pleasure grounds are beautifully timbered (see view above), and there is an ornamental lake, tennis court, and glasshouses. The Property occupies a HIGH AND BRACING POSITION, and commands magnificent views; it is within easy reach of 3 GOOD GOLF COURSES.—WALTON and LEE. 10, Mount Street, W. (24,781)

A BARGAIN IN THE HOME COUNTIES.

HOLMWOOD DISTRICT.—For SALE, AT A REDUCED PRICE, the above picturesque COUNTRY HOUSE on 2 floors, beautifully situated 300ft. above sea, with stabling, model farmery, beautiful grounds, 2 fruit and vegetable gardens, glasshouses, cottages, and undulating nicely timbered meadows: 8 bedrooms, dressing room with bath, 2 other bathrooms, large and handsome reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, lounge hall, conservatory, and good offices.

Electric light; Company's water; heating.

The Property comprises an area of about 17 ACRES.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (24,817)

HERTS AND MIDDLESEX BORDERS.

In a beautiful district between Harrow and Rickmansworth. A short distance from two stations, whence the City and West End are reached within 25 minutes.

THE ABOVE CHARMING FREEHOLD GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, unusually well appointed, and in absolutely first-rate condition, standing in pretty grounds of nearly 3 acres, TO BE SOLD. Contains: 2 halls, 3 reception rooms, 10 bed, dressing, and bathrooms, and offices; water laid on; acetylene gas; excellent motor-house, small stable, cottage, etc.; inexpensive but very pretty grounds, with tennis and croquet lawns, rose and flower beds, racquet court, kitchen gardens, etc.; good golf links within easy walk.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,860)

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS,

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD. } 10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. { Telegrams: "WALTONS, LONDON.

Telegrams: "Everything, London" Telephone: Western 1 (60 lines).

HARRODS (LTD.)

ESTATE AGENTS BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. AUCTIONEERS

COMMANDING LOVELY VIEWS.

£1,100.—BERKS AND HANTS BORDERS.—Standing very high and commanding lovely views, well back from road, standing in

WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS OF 2½ ACRES.

Entrance hall, drawing room (25ft. by 16ft.), dining room, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; motor-house; 3-roomed bungalow. — Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

INSPECTED AND STRONGLY RECOMMENDED.

£1,000 (Wellington College district).—Beautifully placed PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE, every convenience: 3 reception, 5 or 6 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling, pretty grounds, and paddocks of 3 ACRES. Should be seen at once.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

ONE OF THE CHEAPEST PROPERTIES NOW IN THE MARKET.
40 MINUTES FROM LONDON.

SURREY HILLS (600ft. above sea level).—The above charmingly situated RESIDENCE, in a secluded position, standing in

WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS OF NEARLY 3 ACRES,

with tennis lawn, flower and kitchen garden, and paddocks; 2 halls, 3 reception, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 3 horses; cottages, etc. PRICE, £2,600, or with 13 acres £2,100; or would be Let, Unfurnished.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

HERTS (1 hour from London).—To be SOLD or LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, the above CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, in a most convenient position: 3 reception, billiard room, 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 6; WELL-TIMBERED PLEASURE GROUNDS OF ABOUT 3 ACRES, tennis and croquet lawns, etc. Rent, Unfurnished, only £200 per annum.—Full details of the Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

FURNISHED HOUSES FOR THE SUMMER.

MESSRS. HARRODS (Ltd.) can offer a choice of

5,000 Houses

in all parts of the Kingdom.

Extensive selection of THAMES and RIVERSIDE, SOUTH COAST, and COUNTRY PROPERTIES.

IN A VERY NICE POSITION.

SURREY (between Guildford and Haslemere).—To be LET, charming, old-fashioned, well-furnished RESIDENCE: 7 bed, 3 reception, hall, bath; stabling; pretty grounds of 1½ acres; sandy soil; golf 20 minutes; station 7 minutes. Rent, £210 per annum. Might Let, Unfurnished.—Inspected by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (10,661)

CHOICE SHELTERED SITUATION.

CORNWALL (Bude).—Charming old MANOR HOUSE, in beautifully timbered grounds, to LET, Furnished, at once: 11 bed, bath, 3 reception, fine oak-panelled hall; stabling; large lawn, productive kitchen gardens; golf 1 mile. — Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

LOW RENT, WITH OR WITHOUT SERVANTS.

FOLKESTONE (best part, close to Leas).—To be LET, very well-furnished and arranged RESIDENCE: 10 bed, bath, 4 reception, etc.; electric light; overlooks private garden. — All details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 5,093)

WITHIN A FEW MINUTES OF THE PARK.

LANCASTER GATE (just off).—To be LET, Furnished, from February 1, for 6 or 8 weeks, a charming and most convenient HOUSE in this excellent position: 5 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, bathroom, kitchen, etc.; electric light; telephone. Rent, 8 gns. per week, including wages 3 servants' plate, and linen.—Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SALMON & TROUT FISHING.

"DUFF HOUSE"

(The late residence of the Duke of Fife and Princess Royal) is now opened as a First-Class Sporting Hotel.

The Spring Fishing on the River Deveron commences February 10th. This water includes some of the most famous Salmon and Trout Reaches in Scotland, extending from the Moray Firth at Banff Bridge to the Bridge of Alvah, about three miles, and from both banks. The whole of this water has been leased from His Grace the Duke of Fife to the Duff House Company, Ltd. This river is now reaping the full advantage of the nets having been taken off some few years since. For particulars apply, Manager, Duff House, Banff, N.B.

UNDER AN HOUR FROM TOWN (in a very good residential district).—HISTORICAL ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE, standing in a beautifully timbered park of about 60 acres. The House has been carefully restored and enlarged, and possesses a quantity of

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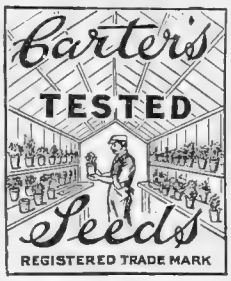

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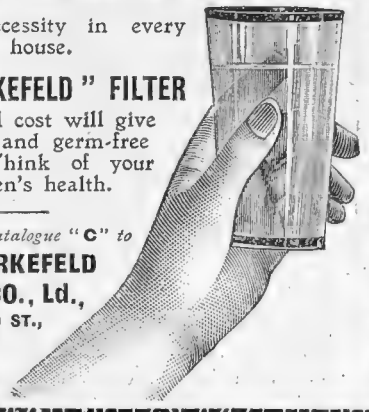

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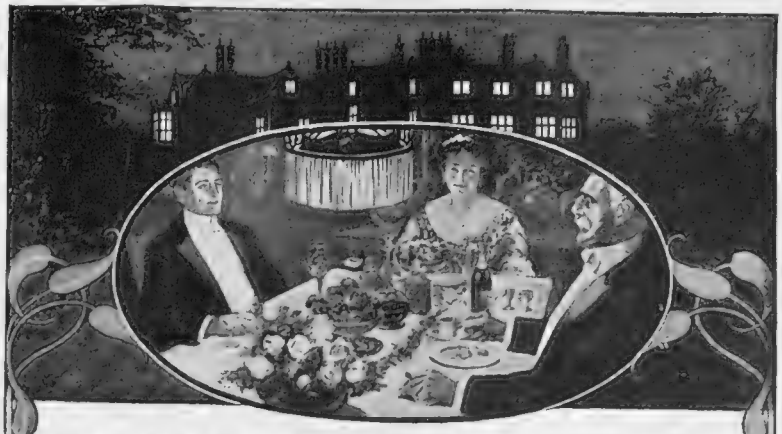

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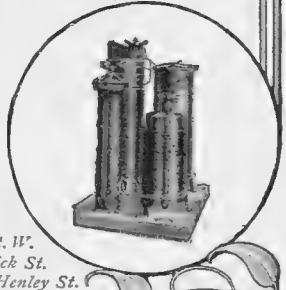

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FICHUS, capes, and hoods are texts that will assert themselves over and over again. Alike in gowns, costumes, and wraps, the *fichu* is pre-eminently to the fore, and, as always, is proving itself one of the most bewitching of dress accessories. The confidence with which all these three are invariably advanced leaves little room for doubt, even at this early date, that they are vogues of immense import.

When the moment comes for us to consider summer toilettes, of lawn and lace and *ninon*, we may expect to find the *fichu* taking an easy lead. And what a pleasant prospective picture to dwell upon is that of a quaint high-waist frock *à la* Josephine, beneath which the ends of some lovely embroidered *fichu* are tucked. But I must refrain from moving ahead so rapidly, as there are a host of spring novelties to be courted and exploited, each in their turn.

Velveteen Costumes to Give Place to Suits of Satin

On the face of things, this does not sound very alarmingly original. We have had satin tailor-mades before, but chiefly in black, whereas to be asked to consider such colours as navy and Royal blue, rosewood brown and greys, is striking eminently fresh ground. The outcome of this is clearly the *succès fou* of the velveteen coat and skirt, which we cannot, in very shame, continue to wear with such uniform regularity. While a rival of the satin will be plain *foulard*, an interesting recruit to the realms of tailoring.

The "Jupon Culotte" in the Wearing

It is all very well to talk in the air of this sort of thing, but facts are what we really need. With startling significance some of our leading *couturières* are persuading themselves strongly in favour of this Eastern vogue, and now all that is wanted is for some *élégantes* to take their courage in their hands and dare criticism in some such evening dress as our illustration. This is the style of thing, and nothing worse are we asked to consider.

The "Jupon Culotte" at its Best

Mrs. May's remarks on the new costume will be read with interest. It may not prove such a drastic innovation after all

For the divided underdress there is requisitioned several veilings of tulle, or, perhaps, *mousseline de soie*, over the softest of soft satins. But the whole essence of the *jupon culotte* is airiness of aspect. Over this—or these—falls a tunic of lace, Chantilly for choice, and again forming a one-sided drapery comes a Princesse of satin *charmeuse*, the folds caught up into a bell-rope end. Such a scheme looks charming in white, just faintly reflecting a veiling of pink, a touch of gold occurring in the tassel and in the *coiffure bandeau*. Once the eye becomes accustomed to the defined ankle and the subtlety of the divided line, there should be found a place in our esteem for the *jupon culotte*, more especially applied to evening and teagown exigencies.

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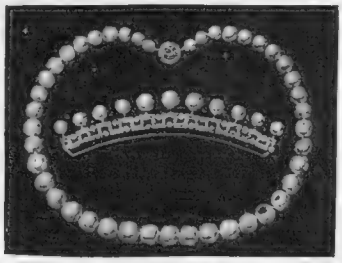

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16, Brompton Road, London, S.W.

Dress at the Coronation

For many centuries England has drawn upon the fashions of the Continent in the matter of dress for ordinary and ceremonial wear. Paris was once regarded as the capital of fashion, and formerly no Society lady was happy unless her gowns were from the hands of the *modistes* of the Gay City. Similarly Court and military dress was copied from Germany or other countries, and the names of many of the accoutrements of our troops are still foreign.

The coming Coronation is to mark an important and welcome change. Her Gracious Majesty has expressed a wish that, wherever possible, all materials for the robes and toilettes for the forthcoming Courts and Coronation shall be of British make. It is not easy for a people quite to understand the wishes of their Sovereigns until after Their Majesties are crowned and have shown their temperaments by moving freely in public affairs. But this one fact is apparent, that accuracy of ceremonial dress is to be the *sine quâ non* at the State functions of our King and Queen.

The house of Paquin, whose name is familiar all over the world, and whose London *salons* are located at 39, Dover Street, Mayfair, is, without question, a supreme authority on accuracy of Court costumes for any occasion. And in addition to strict accuracy, grace, charm, elegance, and picturesqueness of dress are necessary to the success of this one great historic function. The Paquin creation is known the wide world over, and the name of Paquin carries with it everywhere the assurance of perfection in correct and artistic dress. Madame Paquin is at present exercising her knowledge, skill, taste, and judgment upon the production of a number of robes, gowns, and other essential accessories to successful attendance upon Their Majesties' Coronation. Britain, of all countries in the world, is well capable of producing beautiful dress for ceremonial uses, and the house of Paquin has promptly and commendably fallen into line with the desires of the gracious lady who rules over us.

Dainty Theatre Cap

Possibly some artistic home-worker may be tempted to make this *chic* little *coif* herself. It is composed of oxydised silver lace, the fulness ostensibly caught round the head by a band on which blister pearls are stitched

(Designed by Dorothy Millar)

Mrs. Sanger, 36, Sloane Street

With a very low thermometer and chilly east winds raging round us it is something of an effort to prospect one's mind into the joys of cool summer frocks. But this, nevertheless, is the inevitable result of a visit to the exclusive little *atelier* in Sloane Street presided over by Mrs. Sanger, who is ready and prepared with some of the sweetest, daintest washing-frocks imaginable. In making this early plunge into the realms of ephemeralities, Mrs. Sanger is acting up to her customary habit of providing new and entirely exclusive ideas for future use, a procedure that has scored a remarkable success all along the line, her fastidious *clientèle* realising beyond all question the advantages of being prepared well ahead with summer attire of the *imprévu* character invariably provided by the talented *châtelaine* of 36, Sloane Street.

For morning or country wear there is the most fascinating little gown expressed in zephyr, either a deep rose, navy, or black, the finest white stripe presenting a singularly pleasing appearance. The deep yoke and cuffs are of a very open mesh white net of the crochet order, a singularly pleasing quality again requisitioned at the hem of the plain skirt, the latter planned quite in accordance with recognised tenets. Another of these *recherché* little washing-frocks is of filmy white lawn, the *blousée* bodice a mass of *bébé* tucks, all hand-stitched and of infinitesimal fineness. A square yoke of lace concludes the top, a frill of embroidery running down one side, the fulness of the latter regulated by narrow tucks. The effect of this is very pretty and original, as is also a wide mesh net, employed as *empiécement* and shoulder-straps to a charming lawn blouse, offered in white, and all the leading delicate colours. But it is in these wholly fresh and exclusive fancies, slight as they may be, that Mrs. Sanger scores such a huge success.

Petticoats, again, form an attractive feature here, a special cult being made of a line of untearable silk models in black and white only, while, following up the dictates of ultra smart women, Mrs. Sanger is providing Milanese knickers of an exceptionally comfortable order in black, white, and colours, together with some satin underskirts arranged on very slim lines.

The new consignment of veils—and, as everyone knows, Mrs. Sanger is a great authority on this changeable theme—continues to emphasise strange and weird designs. On a very fine mesh ground a large diamond design in spots presents an original and effective appearance, while in another instance a spider-web mesh net is the background for a curious straggling design carried out in a heavier line. So far, black and black-and-white veils are taking an easy lead.

MYSTERY SOLVED AT LAST

NO MORE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

A POSITIVE MEANS THAT TAKES AWAY SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS FOR EVER

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No matter how heavy or light the growth, it can now be permanently destroyed in a few minutes on the face, neck, arms, bust, or any portion of the body. This is not merely temporary relief, for once the hair roots are destroyed the growth can never return.

The Vicomtesse de Freminville, of St. Malo, writes: "I am astonished, as I have tried so many things in vain. Your discovery, I believe, is the real means for removing superfluous hair, and I may repeat, I am delighted." Mlle. Julie Rivaz, of Le Raincy, says: "I no longer have superfluous hair, although before I had a great deal. I have up to now tried everything in vain to remedy it. I would not have thought it possible to find a means of removing so completely and for ever the superfluous hair."

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DO IT NOW, YOU WILL BE AMAZED.

Prof. Kendal, 89, Regent St., London, W.

The Menu:

LITTLE SUPPERS AFTER THE PLAY. SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR LIGHT AND DIGESTIBLE DISHES

Oysters Sauté à la Crême
Devilled Lobster
Chicken Cream with Tomato Sauce
Salade Italienne
Fruit Salad in Orange Peel Cups
Welsh Rarebit

Oysters Sauté

Pour a quart of boiling water over one pint of oysters; drain them and chop them fine. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, put them into the chafing-dish, stir in the oysters, dust with salt and pepper, and sauté until well browned. Add two tablespoonfuls of very finely crushed biscuit or toast-crumbs and three-fourths of a cup of cream. Stir all together and cook three minutes. Serve in separate cups and garnish with parsley.

Devilled Lobster

Take the meat from a lobster and sprinkle with a little Nepaul pepper, chop it very finely, then add a dessert-spoonful of chutney, a little melted butter, and a tomato cut up small. These must be stewed over the fire, stirring till they boil; add a little mixed mustard (French) also, if available. Have ready some little squares of fried bread, put some of the devilled lobster on each, and sprinkle a little finely chopped parsley over.

Chicken Cream with Tomato Sauce

Weigh 8oz. of raw chicken, free from skin, bone, and sinew; put it three times through the mincing-machine, pound it, using a little cream to moisten it, and rub it through a sieve, again using a little stock to moisten it and make it easier. This done, add the yolks of two beaten eggs, ½oz. (eight sheets) of gelatine dissolved in one gill of milk, half a gill of white sauce, pepper, salt, and the stiffly whipped whites of the two eggs. Place in a buttered mould and steam for two hours. Be careful not to cook the cream too fast, or it will be honeycombed. Leave until cold, and serve with cold tomato sauce poured round.

Salade Italienne

Cut into small dice about four cooked artichoke bottoms, and put them into the salad bowl with equal quantities of cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, and cooked haricot beans, according to what is in season, mix with these a little sliced ham, fowl, game, anchovies, pickles or olives, and season with sauce tartare.

Fruit Salad in Orange-Peel Cups

Take five oranges, cut off a good piece from the top, and remove the pulp. Chop together some pineapple, muscat grapes (with skins and pips removed), and a few preserved cherries; add some pure juice from Tangerine oranges, with a dash of lemon. Sweeten all together and serve in the orange shells.

Welsh Rarebit

Cut four slices of stale bread four inches square. Add a little salt and four tablespoonfuls of milk to one well-beaten egg; dip each slice in the mixture, and sauté until a golden brown on one side. Have ready four thin slices of cheese, thinly spread with French mustard; slip on each slice of bread as it is turned; cover, and by the time the under-side of the bread is nicely browned the cheese will be melted. Serve on hot plates garnished with parsley. This is a French recipe. EMILIA.

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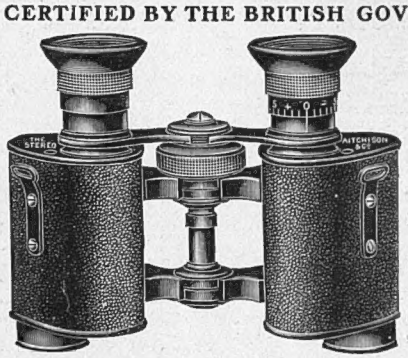

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A Sample Packet containing six towels in the four standard sizes, post free, in plain wrapper, for 6 stamps from the Lady Manager, 17, Bull Street, Birmingham.

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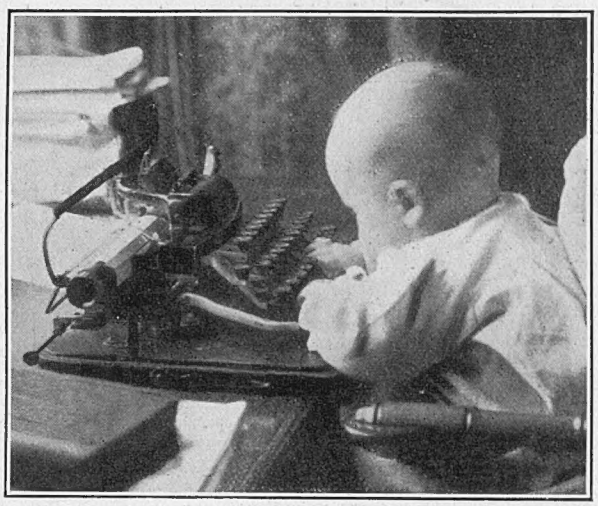
The Editor's Box

My New "Fountain"

For many years I have resisted the temptation to desert the editorial quill for the more businesslike fountain-pen. Lately some gentle friend (I know not with what corrupt motive) made me break with tradition and sent me a "Swan," together with what was called an "easy-filler." For some days I shirked the task of starting the new literary life. Then, greatly daring, I ventured. Shall I say that life has been easier for me (and for the printer who sets up my copy) ever since? I find the action of the "Swan" wondrously sympathetic, and as to the easy-filler—well, I have never once inked my fingers. Instead of fiddling about with a syringe, all you have to do is to insert the pen-point into the neck of the rubber top of the bottle, and with the bottle turned upside down, pump until you feel you have filled. The discovery of this arrangement must rank with—well, say wireless telegraphy, radium, and the automatic pipe-filler at least. My congratulations to the Swan Company, and to my friend, the giver of the pen, assurance of my best consideration of her next manuscript.

Hall-Mark of Merit

A man is known by the company he keeps, by the books he reads, and also by the clothes he wears. This is an age of stress and strenuousness, and few can afford to ignore the fact that first impressions carry much weight. A good appearance appeals to all, and it is, therefore, especially important to "make a good show." The term "tailor-made man" was born of derision for the merely immaculate in outward garb, but the effect of smart and seemly attire is invariably beneficial. Those desirous of employing a tailor who supplies both civil and sporting clothes of exclusive materials at strictly moderate prices, and who guarantees perfect-fitting garments of every description, should consult Messrs. Harry Hall, of 205, Oxford Street, W., and 21-31, Eldon Street, E.C. The firm specialise on coats, and clients may be assured of entire satisfaction whether it is with a dress coat, morning, lounge, or overcoat. Ten gold medals for the excellence of their productions have been awarded to Messrs. Hall in the last twenty years. A copy of their publication, "The Gentleman's Handbook," will be sent post free on mentioning THE BYSTANDER. The brochure is well worth perusal.



A Very Youthful Journalist

"Our Special Correspondent"

The picture illustrates "our special correspondent" sending an urgent news dispatch, which he is typing on his new Featherweight Aluminium Blickensderfer Typewriter. This handy little machine, we understand, will be sent on application to any address, post free, for one week's trial. It is bright and untarnishable, weighing only 5lb., which makes it extremely portable and convenient for busy travellers, and is extremely suitable for the boudoir. Mention should be made of THE BYSTANDER, and communications addressed to Messrs. Blickensderfer and Co., Ltd., 9 and 10, Cheapside, London, E.C.

The Vintage of 1910

Messrs. Hedges and Butler have received the following reports from their correspondents in the various wine districts respecting last year's vintage:—"*Port:* In consequence of a want of warm weather in the early part of the year the vintage is a late one, but the weather of November was favourable in every respect, and a marked improvement has resulted. Some few good wines will probably be made in the best situations, but the total quantity must be considerably below the average, from one-half to two-thirds, of the usual yield. *Champagne:* The whole of the crop has been destroyed; the disaster is without precedent. On acres of vines there is not a bunch of grapes to be found. *Claret:* The quality of the 1910's may be better than was first expected, although the yield will be very small. *Burgundy:* In this district the crop which, for a time, was fairly promising, is now entirely lost. *Hocks and Moselles:* The small crop of the vintage which has been spared has now been gathered, though the grapes were deficient in ripeness. The fine, sunny weather in September and October may favourably influence the quality, especially in the Moselle district. *Sherry:* The pressing commenced in some vineyards at the end of the year. The crop is much smaller than was anticipated, but the quality should prove satisfactory, the new vines being rich in saccharine."

A Handy Compendium

"The Catholic Who's Who for 1911" (Messrs. Burns and Oates: 3*s.* 6*d.*) is an admirable compilation. Every well-known Catholic is included, and the biographies are by no means dully written. That of Cardinal Merry del Val, for instance, is particularly good.

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